THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE PSALMIST'S WISH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"Oh! who will give me the wings of a dove, that I may flee away and be at rest!"

O Psalmist! weary of earthly things,
And longing for rest in the courts above,
Why dost thou sigh for the humble wings
Of the dove, the simple dove?

Other and wiser birds there are,
Of stronger pinions and swifter flight,
Who could bear thee over the morning star
To bask in fadeless light.

Why dost thou not, O Singer sweet,
(Whose lips o'erdrop with honeyed words),
Long for the pinions, fair and fleet,
Of these more favored birds?

Softly a voice replies,—almost
As if the Psalmist spoke again:
"The wisdom, child, of the Holy Ghost
Is foolishness with men.

"Lo! at His footstool, broken, buried,
Are wrecks of many a giant wrong—
While with the weak things of the world
Doth God confound the strong.

"And on the pinions of the dove,
The guileless pinions, fair and white,
The soul may wing to courts above,
A safer, surer flight—

"Than if up-borne more rapidly,
On wings which scorn the fairest sod;—
O child! it is *simplicity*
Which brings us close to God!"

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER V.

COMING HOME.

The short, yet straggling street, of the village of Mellor was always very quiet. There was but little traffic through it, and still less in it, for it contained but one shop, full indeed of the most various commodities, but not much frequented by customers. Most people stopped at the window, and turned away again after dropping their letters into the slit beneath it, for it was also the post-office; and there were not many folks even to post letters at Mellor. The houses on the north side of the street, which was built on a hill, made the most show, standing back from the road, and at a considerable elevation above it, with neat little gardens, spread spion-wise before them; eyeshot from the windows of these dwellings flew over the heads of passers-by. On the south side the houses all looked out to seaward over unseen gardens of their own, and turned their backs to the road, so that it was quite possible, providing only that he escaped the notice of the lynx-eyed post-mistress, for a wayfarer, however remarkable in his personal appearance, to pass through Mellor street without being observed. During the despatch of the mails at 5 P. M., a ritualist in full vestments, or the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, in wig and gown, might have very possibly made a progress through it from end to end (if only they maintained a dignified silence), without any Mellorite being the wiser.

It was about 5 P. M. that John Carlyon took his way through Mellor, and that he was not spoken with by any one after what had recently occurred was a pretty convincing proof that he was not seen. The village inn, indeed, had more than its usual fringe of idlers about it, eagerly discussing the very occurrence in which he had so distinguished himself; but it stood apart from the road, on a little plateau of its own, and was avoided altogether by those who took the turning to the right which led to Mellor Church. Mr. Carlyon took this way. The church tower, being very highly placed, could be seen far out at sea, and was even used as a landmark for ships. The churchyard itself stood much above the village, and, indeed, was the highest point save Greycrags (whereon the house occupied by the Crawfords was situated, and after which it was named), within some miles of Mellor; it was therefore free from all overlookers. Something tempted him, as he passed by, to push open the wicket and enter that great green resting-chamber, where no sleeper turned uneasily on his pillow, or longed with impatience for the morning. Very many generations lay beneath those grassy mounds, or in the vaults of the old church, which was almost coeval with the abbey, the ruins of which could be seen from where he stood. Another phase of Christianity had succeeded to the ancient faith, but little change had been made in externals. Two stone images in lichen-covered niches, stood on either side the porch, but time or the sea-winds had deprived them of all recognizable features; they might be meant to represent saints or demons. The stoup for holy water still had its place in the wall. Within lay many a cross legged crusader—

Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,

or

Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails;

the dead representatives of the old form of creed, lying, unargumentatively enough, beside Protestant lords of the manor, and other modern worthies of high degree. In the superior sanctity of the chancel, under what looked like a four-post bedstead of marble, hung with 'scutcheons, and sculptured with heraldic emblems, reposed the long line of ancestors of Charles, Earl Digney, whose anxiety for the preservation of game had been so recently sympathized with from that moth-eaten pulpit.

"All silent and all damned," quoted Carlyon, thoughtfully, as he gazed through the iron gate which suffered the cool evening air to purify this sanctuary, while it kept more substantial intruders out. "There is nobody at least to contradict it. What thousands of years of death have these good folks to tell of, yet not an hour's experience will the greatest gossip among them reveal."

He turned from the dark porch, where a certain musty flavor of mortality seemed to make itself apparent, and set his face to the sea breeze, fresh as on the day when it first blew from the gates of the sun.

The wavy west was one great field of gold, with just a ripple upon it like corn at harvest time that smiles to find the sovereign wind its wooer. A few white sails flecked its glittering surface, and a faint black line of smoke above one out-going steamship blurred the red sky. From the village beneath thin blue smoke ascended for a little way, till it mixed with the b'uer air and was lost; and far off, on the other side of the bay, wreaths of gray marked the unseen spots where man was living and laboring. Here was death—yonder was life; you seemed to step from one to the other at a single stride. Both hushed, for not a sound could be heard, save the dreamy lap of the sea, less like sound than silence; yet the one so chill and hopeless, the other so bright and busy!

"There seems certainly something in what Carstairs says," mused Carlyon; "that is, at times. To lie here for ever, first bones, then dust, has truly little charm; and if it be so, death is a bathos, and the scheme of creation—that is the proper phrase, I believe—a total failure. Perhaps it is: who knows?"

It was not, however, for purposes of philosophic speculation that the speaker had sought this place of tombs; and the mention of Mr. Carstairs seemed to remind him, although indeed he had not forgotten it, but purposely procrastinated the matter, of what had attracted him thither. He walked with a quick step towards a secluded corner of the churchyard, and black with the shadow of an enormous yew; within a square of small stone pillars, not unlike milestones, and connected by iron chains, stood a huge monument of granite.

"Thanks to him, I have never set foot here save last Sunday, since the day we buried him; so this will be new to me," muttered the visitor, as he held aside a layer of yew and let the sunshine in upon the gilded letters of the inscription, now fast fading and almost effaced:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
RALPH CARLYON,
OF WOODLEES,
A DEPUTY LIEUTENANT FOR THE COUNTY
AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
A Prudent Father,
A Pattern Husband,
A Perfect Christian.
He closed a Life of Piety, Feb. LXth, 1840.

"Those are Meg's adjectives," muttered the intruder, grimly; "but what is this in Latin? I did not give her credit for the classics.

"'Gone to join the majority.'

That was not Meg's, I'm sure. Ah! I remember now. He told me something of his wish to have a certain sentence placed above his grave, and I—thinking it was some pious text—bade her let it be done. Well, this is truth, at all events, and consistency likewise, for this perfect Christian and Deputy-lieutenant always held with the majority while he was alive. But Silence, bitter tongue. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum;* and, moreover, this dead man was my father. Let me try to feel pious and regretful at the tomb of my parent. Alas! I cannot do it. But the doctor was wrong too when he accused me of undutifulness to this man. His example of faith has *not* been thrown away upon his son. I have *not* disgraced his teaching. I *have* had respect for his memory, if for nothing else, heaven knows! Ralph Carlyon," murmured he, after a pause, "I forgive you; and if what these gravestones preach be true, God Himself can scarce do more. You have placed a gulf between me and all good folks, dead and alive, as broad and impassable as that which is said to separate the wicked from the blessed in the world to come. Thanks to you. I have no happiness in the present, nor hope in the future. Forty years of wasted life lie already behind me; there may be as many still to come, for I am very strong. Is it likely that these will be more tolerable than those already passed, with youth exchanged for age, and strength for weakness? It is idle to suppose it; the years must soon draw nigh of which, even good men say, they find no pleasure in them. I have no friend in either heaven or earth. My kindred wish me dead that they may possess my goods. They are welcome, I am sure, although I doubt whether old Robin and the rest would like the change of dynasty. I wish they had had their desire this very day. I wish that William Millet had been a little less ready with his rope. But no; I don't say that, for then there would have been an angel less in the world—Agnes Crawford. I believe in angels so far. It would have been worse for others, if better for me. She is everybody's friend—everybody's, that is, who is wretched—except mine. They have told her lies about me without doubt, and even the truth would make her shrink from me as she never shrinks from mere pestilence and contagion."

He was leaning over the wicket gate and looking northward, where Greycrags, clothed and crowned with its verdant and noble trees, rose from the margin of its little bay like one green tower.

"No woman loves me, or will ever love me, being what I am," he went on; "and least of all, one like her." A far-off noise—the beat of a horse's hoof—struck upon his ear. 'Even my horse is lost; the only living thing that cared for me. Poor Berild! you died doing your duty, good nag, and if there be a heaven for horses—Why, surely I should know that footfall; and unless there are equine ghosts that haunt the way to their late stables, this is my own Red Berild coming home!'

He passed swiftly through the gate, and, standing in the middle of the road, clapped his hands together and whistled shrilly. Immediately the trotting sound was changed for a canter; and as the coming steed turned the corner and came within sight, a faint but joyful whinny proclaimed his recognition of his master. He never stopped till he had his nose in his human friend's hand, and was rubbing his tall, stiff ear against his bosom. There was nothing wrong with him, as Carlyon's anxious inspection soon discovered; but he had evidently gone through great exertions. His heaving flanks were dripping as much with sweat and foam as with salt water; his broken bridle trailed upon the ground; his saddle was half turned round; his legs were covered with black mud and sand up to the knees.

It was a touching sight to see the meeting between those two old friends.

"My brave Berild!" cried one.

And the other, though he could not speak, answered, "Dear master!" with his eyes.

Then setting the saddle straight, and knotting the bridle so that his favorite should not be incommoded, John Carlyon once more resumed his way towards home, man and horse walking together side by side. The former seemed for the time to have recovered his usual spirits, whistling snatches of melody, or even occasionally trolling out a patchwork of song; but as he began to descend the other side of the long hill, and to lose sight of all the glorious landscape, and of Greycrags with the rest, his depression returned.

Woodlees was not a place to create high spirits. It was a fine mansion, with a small deer-park attached to it, and no less than three terraced gardens. But the house itself was in a hollow. Notwithstanding that the sea lay so near, not a breath of its fresh, clear air ever visited it. It seemed to have an atmosphere of its own, odorous indeed, but faint and oppressive, in which it was an effort to breathe. For size and antiquity, it was an edifice of which the proprietor might reasonably (if there is any reason in such pride) be proud. The hall, with its huge painted windows—the spoil, it was said, of Mellor Abbey—and splendidly carved chimney-piece, was undoubtedly very fine, if somewhat dim and cheerless. The grand staircase of polished oak had for its every alternate baluster a twisted column of vine or briony, but then it was a very sunshiny day on which they could be seen without a candle. There were only two cheerful rooms in the whole house. One, the large drawing-room, now never used, the French windows whereof opened immediately upon the Rosary, and over the huge fire-place of which was a vast sheet of glass, so that you could sit in the warm glow and watch the snow-flakes whiten the broad carriage drive, and deck the evergreens in bridal raiment. The other, the octagon chamber in the tower, John Carlyon's smoking-room, whence could be seen Mellor Church and Greycrags, and, far to the south, a strip of distant sea that was never sand.

Mr. Carlyon made straight for the stables, and saw the wants of his four-footed friend attended to with his own eyes, then strolled across the garden towards the house. At the open front door stood an old man with a scared face.

"God 'a mercy, Mister John! what is it now?"

"What is what now, Robin?" echoed the Squire, in an amused tone.

"Why, your masquerading, sir!"

"Oh yes! I had forgotten. I could not think what made them stare so in the stable. I have got Mr. Carstairs' clothes on, that's all; and they don't fit."

"Well, well, sir, you are the Squire now; you do as you please. But I don't think my old master would ever have exchanged clothes with the parish doctor."

"I dare say not," returned Carlyon, dryly. Then, after a pause, he added, laying his hand upon the old man's shoulder, "I know it is undignified, Robin; but I could not help it. Red Berild and I were caught by the sea, and so got wet through. Mr. Carstairs was good enough to rig me out."

"Ah!" sighed the butler, shaking his white head as he made room for the Squire to pass in, "my old master never *would* have been caught by the sea, not he."

CHAPTER VI.

A COUPLE OF VISITORS.

While Mr. Carlyon was yet arranging himself in garments more adapted to his six-feet-three of bone and muscle than the habiliments of the little doctor, Robin came up to say that two gentlemen were waiting for him down stairs—Mr. Crawford and Mr. Richard Crawford.

"I will be down directly," said the Squire, with a flush of pleasure; "into which room have you shown them?"

"Into the master's room, of course, Mr. John. Where else?" inquired the domestic.

"Very good, Robin," was the quick reply.

John Carlyon particularly disliked that room, and the old butler knew it; but at the same time thought it his duty to combat so unnatural an aversion. It had been the favorite chamber of John's father, and ought, one may suppose, to have been agreeable to his son on that account. Otherwise, it had certainly few attractions of its own, being the gloomiest of all the reception rooms. A small apartment shut within an angle of the building, into whose old-fashioned, diamond-shaped panes the sun rarely peeped, and when it did so, could throw no cheerful gleam upon the oedarn wainscot, or the few family pictures disposed—and not happily disposed—upon its sombre surface. It seemed as though the old gentleman had preferred the company of the worst favored among all his ancestors with one exception. This was the full-length portrait of a young girl, whose short-waisted attire and tower-like arrangement of her long fair hair, could not deprive her of the admiration due to great natural beauty. Seldom as it was that a sunbeam struggled in so far, when it did reach that exquisite face the whole room was lit up with its loveliness. Those luxuriant locks glittered as though gold dust—the meretricious fashion of a much later date—had been scattered upon them; the peach-like cheeks glowed with bashful innocence; the blue eyes gazed at you with a tender simplicity that was inexpressibly touching. This portrait faced the fire place; and when the fitful gleams of flame fell upon it, the mobile features seemed really instinct with life. Nothing else was bright in this room, except the silver hilts of a yataghan and dagger that hung over the chimney piece, and were kept untarnished by the butler's careful fingers. They had been brought by his old master from the East, where he had travelled (not without some strange adventures, it was whispered, in which those mysterious weapons had borne their part) in his far back youth. Here, day after day, for many weary years the old man had sat, too feeble to stir abroad; and here, night after night, had lain when near to death. At last, upon a sofa bed, with his back to the picture and his face to the fire, he had died here. Perhaps it was its association with that last event which had made the cedar chamber distasteful to his son.

However, John Carlyon now entered it with a winning smile, and a courteous greeting for his two unexpected guests. With one of these, Richard Crawford, we are already acquainted; the other, his uncle, was a very tall old man, of distinguished appearance; one, who, though manifestly hale and vigorous, and as upright as a May-pole, gave the idea of extreme age, unless some sorrow had done the work of years in emaciating his lengthy limbs, and deepening the caverns of his eyes. These last were very bright and black, and shot from under thick, white eyebrows one swift, suspicious look as the Squire entered, then gazed upon him frankly and gratefully enough.

"This is my uncle, Mr. Carlyon," said the younger of the two visitors, "come in person to thank you for your noble devotion in saving my dear cousin——"

"Nay, Richard," interposed the old gentleman with dignity, and stretching forth an arm almost as long as Mr. Carlyon's own, though wasted to one-half its thickness, "I must thank him for *that* myself. You have preserved to me, sir, the dearest thing life to me in this world: my beloved and only daughter. Accept the gratitude of one who, but for you, would have found the little remnant of life he has still to live very miserable and barren."

"I am most pleased, Mr. Crawford," answered the Squire, returning the pressure of the other's long, thin fingers, "to have been the instrument of saving, not only to yourself, but to the many who have experienced her unselfish benevolence, a life so priceless as Miss Crawford's. And for you, sir," here he turned to the young man, who was giving utterance to certain conventional expressions of gratitude upon his own behalf, "I am sincerely glad to have been able to have given you a helping hand in a difficulty that certainly might have been serious."

"Serious!" observed the old gentleman, "why, my daughter tells me that death stared her in the face."

"And so it did, uncle," answered Mr. Richard, frankly. "Mr. Carlyon makes light of the matter, only because he is used to risk his own life for strangers. Directly Agnes saw him she cried, 'There is the man to save us, if man can do it!' Twice before, as I hear, upon those very sands——"

"Hush, hush, my dear young sir," interrupted Carlyon, hastily; "your goodwill makes you exaggerate matters, or else you have been misinformed. In the first place, Miss Agnes Crawford is not a stranger to any one who lives near Mellor, and who has ears to listen to good report; and, secondly, possessing unusual advantages in my excellent steed, I should have been base indeed not to have used them on so critical an occasion. Had I done otherwise, I do assure you, it would have been the act of a coward," added he, turning towards his elder visitor; "and we men who are over six feet high should at least be courageous, should we not?"

Up to this time, in spite of his host's invitation to be seated, Mr. Crawford had been standing, hat in hand, as though his visit was intended to be of the shortest; but at these words he sank slowly down upon the nearest chair, as though he had been pushed into it by main force, and in spite of himself. His long limbs trembled as with the palsy; and his thin face grew more wan and white than ever, except that in the centre of each hollow cheek there was a spot of burning red. His ashen lips endeavored in vain to articulate.

"Good heavens! your uncle is ill," cried Carlyon, pulling the bell with violence; "what is it he should take? Wine—brandy? Speak!"

But before Richard could reply, the old man answered for himself, in tolerably firm tones, that he was better now and needed no refreshment.

"The fact is, my dear Mr. Carlyon, this interview has a little unmanned me. I am very old, you see; and for these many years I have lived a hermit's life. The sight of a stranger is quite a shock to me. Thank you: since the brandy has come, I will take a little."

But Carlyon observed that he scarcely put his lips to the glass, and that while he spoke his bright eyes once more flashed forth such glances of anger and suspicion as certainly showed no lack of vital power.

"There, I am better now already," resumed Mr. Crawford, with cheerfulness. "Certainly, if there is an *elixir vitæ* for the old at all it is French brandy. I have some in my cellar at Greycrags—and I trust you will come and dine with us shortly, and take a *petit verre* of it after dinner—which numbers as many years in bottle as I myself have been in the flesh; in other words, it is three-quarters of a century old."

"That would be a great attraction," said Mr. Carlyon, gallantly, "to any other house but Greycrags, which, however, possesses a much more priceless treasure. You have so overwhelmed me with your generous, but really exaggerated, gratitude, that I have not yet been able to ask after Miss Agnes herself. I trust she has escaped all consequences of her late adventure."

"Yes, I think I may say, that, except for a little fatigue, which it is only natural she should feel after having gone through so much excitement, my daughter is none the worse. She is used to cold, and even to getting wet through, in her perambulations among the poor. Richard and she walked home at their best pace, so she has not felt even a chill. She was exceedingly anxious, however, upon your account; and indeed, from her statement, I scarcely hoped to find you so completely yourself again. So, as soon as Richard was ready, he and I drove to Mr. Carstairs's house, and finding you had gone home, ventured to follow you hither. We should have welcomed a much less valid excuse I am sure. What a charming place is this Woodlees of yours."

"It is picturesque," said Carlyon, shrugging his shoulders, "viewed from without; but a lonely and cheerless place to live in."

"That must be the fault of its proprietor, surely," observed Mr. Crawford with a meaning smile.

"No, sir, his misfortune," returned the other, dryly. "However, my butler seems to have received you should be as unfavorably impressed as possible, by showing you into this sombre room."

"Ah! there I differ from you," answered the old gentleman. "For my part, I like gloom. The worst of Greycrags is, that it is so exceedingly light; its uniform cheerfulness oppresses one like a too lively talker—a companion who is always in high spirits. In the whole house there is no quiet little den like this, where an old man may sulk by himself out of the sunshine. Not, however, that any room can be gloomy with such a glorious picture as that in it. Richard and I were agreeing, before you came down, that we had never seen a more charming face on canvas. Woodlees could not have been so lonely at one time, if, as I conjecture, that beautiful creature was once its mistress."

John Carlyon bowed gravely.

"What tenderness of expression, Richard, is there not?" continued the old man, rising and approaching the picture. It is almost painful in its pathos. Now what epoch can this lady have adorned?—not your own, of course, and scarcely mine."

"She was my mother, sir," observed Mr. Carlyon, dryly; then, after a pause, he added, "I should be sorry, Mr. Crawford, for you to carry

away with you an impression of Woodlees derived from this apartment only. Let me persuade you to step up so far as the tower room, where perhaps you will take a cigar."

With these words he opened the door like one who would have no denial.

"My smoking days are over," replied the old gentleman, smiling; "I am a worn-out profligate in that way, and can only partake of the mere flavor of vice from the snuff-box; yet I will gladly visit your sanctum. But what a long way up it is; why, it's quite an eyrie."

"Yes, and here I sit, a wretched, middle-aged bird, all alone and moulting."

"It should be a nest full of eaglets; the very room for a nursery, sir," observed Mr. Crawford, unheeding the other's remark, and standing in the centre of the spacious chamber with its three huge windows. "What a beautiful prospect! See, Richard, yonder is Greyerags. My daughter and I have often wondered, Mr. Carlyon, to what use this tower which never shows a candle was put, and I think we must have come to the right conclusion, to judge at least by this telescope." He touched a large instrument standing on a brass tripod and turning on a pivot. "This is your observatory, is it not? You sit in the dark here and watch the stars."

"Not I," returned Mr. Carlyon, smiling; "you give me credit for much more learning than I possess. But to keep a lamp burning here is very dangerous to folks at sea. It has been mistaken more than once for the light at Mellor point; and so, as I don't want to hold the candle in whose flame human moths may shrivel, I sit here in the dark. But as for the stars, I do not trouble myself with them."

"No; I see this is not a night-glass," observed Mr. Crawford, turning the instrument to southward. "But what a field it has! This must have cost you a great deal of money."

"I see you are a judge of telescopes, Mr. Crawford. Yes, this was really a great piece of extravagance for me to indulge in; but it forms my only amusement. This is my watch tower, from whence I survey the world, both land and ocean. I can sit here and sweep fifty miles of sea. The least white speck out yonder, I can recognize, or know at least whether she is friend or stranger. Look now, to that sail in the south-east, hugging the land; that is his lordship's yacht, the *San Souci*—very much misnamed by-the-bye, if all tales concerning her proprietor be true. One would think she would never weather the point yonder.

"She never will," observed Mr. Crawford, decisively, who was watching her through the telescope.

"Not weather it! Permit me to look one moment. Ah, you don't know that yacht. She can sail nearer the wind than any craft in the bay. She is rounding it even now."

"She is doing nothing of the sort, sir," said the old man, smiling, and tapping his snuff box; "look again."

"You are quite right, sir," cried Carlyon, much astonished; "she has missed stays. And yet I would have bet a hundred to one. What an eye you have: why one would think you had been born a sailor. Good heavens! Mr. Richard, your uncle is taken ill again. It must be the tobacco smoke; I am afraid it was wrong of us to light our cigars."

Mr. Carlyon threw up the north window, the opposite one being already open, and so created a strong draft.

"I am better now," said the old man, feebly; "but it was not the tobacco smoke."

"My uncle sits with me while I smoke, every night," said Richard, coldly; "it must have been the exertion of coming up so many stairs."

"Yes, that was it, no doubt," added Mr. Crawford. "I am a very old man, Mr. Carlyon, and you must excuse me."

"My dear Mr. Crawford, I only reproach myself for my thoughtlessness in having persuaded you—"

"Don't mention it, don't mention it, I beg," answered the old gentleman, hurriedly; "but if you will allow my nephew to ring for the carriage. We shall see you soon at Greyerags, Mr. Carlyon? I shall behave better, I hope, as your host than I have done as your guest."

Leaning heavily upon his nephew's shoulder, he slowly descended the unexpected and slippery stairs to the great hall; then, holding out a hand cold and clammy as that of a corpse, he bade Mr. Carlyon adieu, and climbed into his carriage. Richard also shook hands in as friendly a manner as he could assume; but the effort was sufficiently evident.

"I am sorry that I don't like Mr. Carlyon," observed the young man, after a long interval of silence, during which they had rolled through Mellor.

"Indeed," replied his uncle, in the dry and cynical tone which was habitual to him when there was no necessity for politeness. "That is of no great consequence; I beg, however, you will take pains to conceal your dislike while you remain under my roof." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Balloons are now sent up in England, to which rockets packed with powdered magnesium are attached. As the magnesium burns, the country over an extensive area is illuminated as by bright moonshine.

☞ A French gardener has succeeded in giving any flavor he chooses to fruit while on the tree.

☞ The centre of the United States has been definitely fixed. It is Columbus, Nebraska, ninety-six miles west of Omaha. George Francis Train is the proprietor of this future city.

☞ A Paris paper gives a striking instance of the deplorable results of an attack of cholera. A working man, well advanced in years, had a violent attack of cholera in 1866. Up to this moment he had certainly never manifested any literary ability, but since his recovery he commenced to write poetry, and has already published quite a volume of poems.

☞ Since 1857, the Vicksburg Republican has had nine editors. Of these five were shot or stabbed to death, one drowned himself, one was severely wounded, one died of yellow fever, and one was sent to prison for libel. This shows the extreme risks of editorial life in the South.

☞ One baker in Boston sells over two hundred quarts of baked beans every Sunday morning, and another disposes of a third more than that. There are probably fifty other bakers who do as large a trade, while every third family has its own good particular pot. Boston is unhappy for the week and so for all time, if it does not have its beans, (which Prof. Blot says are quite unfit to eat,) and its fish-balls.

☞ A Belgian paper, the Gazette de Mons, relates that during a storm which lately broke over Frameries, a shower of small pebbles fell from the sky. Several of them were collected, and found to be of the size of a small nut. The composition is a sort of enamelled silex, resembling jasper.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "LORD ULSWATER," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

COOKERY.

Among all the projected reforms of the day—sensible and insensate—there is one reform which is the most needed, and the least thought of. It is a reform of the Cookery of the country.

Could we only call off the scores of intelligent and energetic women who have now started in a wild-goose chase after their political "rights," and enlist them in this greatly needed reform, we should do more service to the country than three fourths of our leading statesmen.

Bad cookery, including in the term bad baking, and the neglect of variety, is in our deliberate opinion the direct cause of at least half the intemperance, half the bad temper and quarrelling, and half the disease which afflict the country.

We have found in our own case, that we seldom have any longing for spirituous liquors, except when our daily food is badly cooked, or deficient in variety. You eat a badly cooked breakfast for instance, the stomach fails of course to carry on the process of digestion properly, and asks for some stimulant to aid its work. For ourselves, we very seldom drink anything stronger than water with our dinner. But if we eat three times successively at an eating house, we begin to crave some ale or wine to enable us to get down and digest the greasy stuff that at such places is termed food.

An English writer recently said:—"I am inclined to think that good cookery might do at least as much for the morals of the country as gymnastics. Dine in Paris on fourteen courses, and you feel lighter and brighter when you have finished than when you began; 'do justice,' as the phrase is, to an English dinner of the old fashioned sort, and, without the liberal assistance of sherry and champagne, you are too stupid to talk of anything except local politics and the state of the crops."

Yes, badly cooked food lies at the very root of the craving for strong liquors. And, as a large proportion of these liquors are drugged, the liquors themselves become in their turn sources of indigestion and disease.

We see they are having the cholera very badly out in the pure air of the far West. Some wonder at this. But any one who knows on what kind of food our Western friends live—no, not live, *subsist*—will only wonder that the number of deaths is not double what it is.

And then, apart from the bad and greasy cookery, the procuring of the necessary change and variety of food seems not to be in the least studied. And yet the stomach craves constant change and variety. A variety of vegetable food is especially necessary in this climate—particularly in the summer season. And vegetables will grow in great profusion. Yet about nine in ten of our farmers seem to think that any care of their vegetable gardens is unnecessary, so far as the food of their own families is concerned. They would rather be sick, and pay heavy doctor's bills, and ruin their constitutions, than give a little labor to their gardens.

They would rather have dyspepsia, and continual bad temper, and the constant craving for alcoholic liquors, and bilious and typhoid and inflammatory fevers, and rheumatism, and cholera, and doctor's bills, than take care that their tables are kept well supplied with a variety of well cooked food, including plenty of vegetables, berries, and fruits.

The men are to blame in this matter, for not furnishing the proper supplies, and the woman for their general, we might almost say universal, ignorance of cookery. It is an old proverb that the Lord sends victuals, and the—t'other one—sends cooks. We hear a great talk nowadays about our young women learning Greek and Latin—wasting five or six of the most precious years of their lives in not learning what would do them very little good if it were learned—but we hear almost nothing of teaching them how to cook, and bake, and make their own dresses, which they could learn, and which are things of the most absolute importance, whatever their condition in life may be.

For, as a general thing, be you as rich as the wife of an army contractor, you must be able to teach your domestics how to cook, or else eat the bread of bitterness and the potatoes of affliction.

Why not then, as nothing can be done it seems without societies in this most wonderful country, why not have an Anti-Sour-Bread, Bad-Butter, and Greasy-Meat Society, devoted to the cause of Good Food and a Plentiful Variety of it.

We can assure our well-meaning Temperance advocates, that the very first effectual step towards Temperance in this country must consist in the better preparation and greater variety of our food. They may pile up enactments mountain high, but they will never succeed in removing the intense craving for alcoholic liquors of stomachs that are suffering from sour bread, saleratus cakes, stony potatoes, and the other abominations of the common American diet. The reform that is first needed is a dietetic one. Proper eating will strike at that craving which leads men to swallow glass after glass of alcoholic drinks, in a manner which to a man who lives on proper food seems to approach the insane.

We find we have not left ourselves space to quote some remarks and receipts upon the subject of bread-baking, which a lady of whose judgment we have the very highest opinion has inserted in the editorial columns of the "*Lady's Friend*" for August. We shall most probably copy the article we allude to in our next number, for although many of our readers take the magazine, many also do not. It appears in those "high-faluting" days of Reform, a very little thing to some ambitious ladies to concern themselves about such obscure and humble matters as cooking and baking; but in our opinion the person who influences one family to set an example to its neighbors in the proper preparation and variety of their daily food, does more to promote temperance, health, good temper, and a cheerful and virtuous life, than could be done in almost any other manner.

Reader, do not put this article aside with a smile, but reflect whether its statements be not the simple Truth.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A STORY OF DOOM AND OTHER POEMS. By JEAN INGELOW. Published by Roberts & Brothers, Boston. To those who search the publishers' book shelves and haunt the pages of magazines and the columns of journals for the delicious possibilities of poetry which such may contain, and turn away weary and disgusted with mechanism lacking soul, and words lacking ideas, Miss Ingelow's second volume comes with a fresh delight. Her poems, quaint, and sad, and fanciful, and brimming with the spirit of one "whose fate it is to yearn and not be satisfied," are yet strong with a basis of bravery that finds some lesson of patience and courage in the saddest accident of life.

The "Story of Doom," which gives the present volume its name, is a carefully written epic, grand in design, somewhat quaint in idea, somewhat abstruse in expression; but, though possessing much depth of thought, it lacks the sweetness and pathos which characterize many of Miss Ingelow's minor poems.

"The Nightingale heard by the Unsatisfied Heart" is very sweet, and tenderly vague, with an undercurrent of sadness that wells up and conquers the whole. We give two of the verses:

But thou in the trance of light
Stayest the fading night,
And Echo makes sweet her lips with the utterance wise,
And casts at our glad feet,
In a wisp of fancies fleet,
Life's fair, life's unfulfilled, impassioned prophecies.

Thou drawest a perfect lot
All thine, but holden not,
Lie low, at the feet of beauty that ever shall bide;
There might be sorer smart
Than thine, far seeing heart,
Whose fate is still to yearn and not be satisfied.

"Tired" is in the same strain, a plaintive, tender, sorrowful cry.

O, I would tell you more, but I am tired,
For I have longed, and I have had my will;
I pleaded in my spirit, I desired:
"Ah! let me only see him, and be still
All my days after."
* * * * *
The love that fed on daily kisses dieth;
The love kept warm by nearness, lieth
Wounded and wan;
The love hope nourished, bitter tears distils,
And faints with naught to feed upon.
Only there stirreth very deep below
The hidden beating slow,
And the blind yearning, and the long-drawn breath
Of the love that conquers death.

We have no space for farther selections, but the "Song of Margaret," "Laurance," "The Coming in of the Mermaiden," "The Dreams that Came True," and "Winstanley," strike us as being especially worthy of perusal.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE. By the author of "Mary Powell." New Edition, with an Appendix. Published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, N. Y.; and also for sale by J. B Lippincott & Co., Phila.

JACQUES BONNEVAL; OR, THE DAYS OF THE DRAGONNADES. By the author of "Mary Powell," &c. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and for sale by J B Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE COLLEGE, THE MARKET, AND THE COURT; OR, WOMAN'S RELATION TO EDUCATION, LABOR AND LAW. By CAROLINE H. DALL, author of "Historical Sketches," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE MONTHS IN BRAZIL; with Incidents of Voyages and Travels, Descriptions of Scenery and Character, Notices of Commerce and Productions, &c. By JOHN CODMAN. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila. A well written and interesting volume upon our southern neighbors.

LITTLE DORRITT. By CHARLES DICKENS. With 38 original illustrations from designs by H. K BROWNE. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila. The New "Green Cloth Edition"—Price $1 25 in cloth, or $1 in Green Paper.

THE REBEL CHIEF. By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of the "Indian Scout," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila. Price 75 cents.

☞ Fanny Fern thinks it ought to be considered a disgrace to be sick, confidentially adding: "I am fifty-five, and I feel half the time as if I was just made. To be sure, I was born in Maine, where the timber and the human race last; but I don't eat pastry, nor candy, nor ice-cream. I own stout boots—pretty ones, too. I have a water proof cloak, and no diamonds. I like a nice bit of beefsteak and a glass of ale, and anybody else who wants it may eat pap. I go to bed at ten and get up at six. I dash out in the rain because it feels good on my face. I don't care for my clothes, but I will be well; and after I am buried, I warn you, don't let any fresh air or sunlight down on my coffin, if you don't want me to get up."

☞ Governor Brownlow's majority in Tennessee is estimated at 30,000. All the Congressmen are Radical, and a Radical U S. Senator will be elected in place of Patterson. The number of disfranchised white men in Tennessee is said to be about 50,000.

☞ At a recent election for members of the Hungarian Diet, Louis Kossuth was chosen to represent the city of Wartzen, without a dissenting vote.

Catherine M. Sedgwick.

Miss Catherine Maria Sedgwick, a veteran and highly-esteemed popular writer of the United States, died July 31st at the residence of Mr. Minot, near Roxbury. Miss Sedgwick was born in 1789, being at the time of her death in her 78th year. Her first book, entitled "A New-England Tale," which appeared in 1822, gained her reputation and success. In 1824 she published a second tale, "Redwood," which was republished in England, and within a brief period translated into French, Italian and Swedish. In 1827 was published "Hope Leslie; or, Early Times in America." All three of these works are remarkable for quickness and accuracy of observation, correct study, and great charm of style. In 1830 she issued "Clarence;" in 1832 "Le Bossu;" and in 1835 "The Linwoods;" and a collection of shorter tales. In the next three years she issued a series of books whose popularity was and continues so great that they may justly be called "people's books"—the "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man," "Live and Let Live," "Means and Ends, Home," and "Love Token for Children." In 1841 she published, on her return from Europe, a charming volume of Travel, "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home;" in 1845 appeared "Milton Harvey and Other Tales." In 1857 appeared from her pen a novel of American society, as graceful, lively, charming, and good as anything of her younger days, "Married or Single?" In 1858 she issued a life of Joseph Curtis, one of our most honored and benevolent citizens, which had also a wide circulation. She was the author, besides, of a great number of essays and stories in magazines, all pervaded and informed with her clear good sense, and graced by a charm of style of which she was the master during her whole life.

An Intelligent Boy.

The death of Dr. Trousseau, the famous Paris physician, has revived many interesting anecdotes of his early days. When but fourteen he was attending a course of lectures on magnetism, given in a small country village, where it happened that Dr. Bretonneau was recruiting his health. A workman, whose sight had been seriously injured by a splinter of iron having entered his eye, was attended by the doctor, who, with all his skill, utterly failed in extracting the small fragment imbedded in a mass of inflamed flesh. The boy Trousseau heard of the case, and returning from a lecture on the power of the magnet, asked leave to try its success. As the experiment could not produce pain, leave was granted, and in a few seconds the future "prince de la science" showed the iron splinter attached to the end of his magnet. Dr. Bretonneau, struck by the boy's intelligent application of the facts revealed to him in the lecture, adopted him as his pupil, with what result we all know. During the last two months, Dr. Trousseau pointed out daily to his class of hospital students the progress of the disease which carried him off, and a few days before his death inspected the tomb he had ordered to be erected for himself. He said the masons had done their work well; and after paying them, drove to an undertaker's, where he arranged as to his funeral, settling the amount it was to cost, remarking, as he did so, that relations were usually overcharged, and he was determined his family should only pay what was right.

Navigating the Air.

The air navigators are more hopeful than ever. An Æronautical Society has been formed in England, and its first report is before the public. The Duke of Argyle is President, and Sir Charles Bright, William Fairbairn, James Glaisher, and other prominent men are members of the Council. A paper has been read by Mr. Wenham, which is said to be "full of close reasoning, and differing entirely from the illogical speculations often put forth by enthusiastic projectors, who set to work according to methods that inevitably lead to failure."

He examines at large the flight of birds, the extent of surface of wings of different kinds, the weight of bodies, the muscular strength required for flight, the much less power needed for horizontal or angular motion in the air than for perpendicular ascent, and other questions bearing on the subject. He considers that the attempt to simply imitate the flight of birds is impracticable, but concludes that "man is endowed with sufficient muscular power to enable him to take individual or extended flights, and that success is probably only involved in a question of suitable mechanical adaptations."

☞ The first temperance organization was in 1517, in England, and only prohibited its members from getting drunk; no member was allowed to drink more than fourteen glasses a day! The next organization was in the year 1600, and only allowed its members to get drunk on public days. A century later a society was formed in the state of New York, in which the penalty for getting drunk was twenty-five cents.

☞ Dejazet, the famous French actress, is said to be coming to America. She is only seventy-five years old, and still takes girls' parts.

☞ Steel rails have been for some time past in use on the Hudson River Railroad. The new track of this road, of steel, is laid from New York to Yonkers, and during this month a further section to Sing Sing will be completed.

☞ An Irishman, speaking of his children, said, "They are all well but the one born in this country. I must take him to the Green Isle, for I believe he is languishing for his native air, that he never smelt at all."

☞ The "sugar wedding," occurring thirty days after marriage, is the newest fashionable folly.

☞ A Detroit burglar, after going through a house occupied by a lady and her daughter, entered their chamber, frightened them with a display of pistols into keeping quiet, at the request of one of the ladies brought a glass of water to her bedside, and then, sitting down by the window, lighted a cigar, and engaged all the ladies in a very civil and polite, but on their part most unwilling conversation. When daylight was breaking, he quitted quietly with all his plunder.

☞ M. Alex. Dumas, Jr., recently said to one of his friends that he had been obliged to change the amounts of all the money mentioned in La Dame aux Camelias, which is now played at the Vaudeville. Those sums seemed so ridiculously small, their mention never failed to provoke the laughter of the pit. What a commentary on the increased extravagance of Paris within fifteen years! M. Dumas' last piece, Le Idees de Mme. Aubray, has been played for one hundred consecutive nights at the Gymnase.

The Sanitary Aspect of Fashion.

Fashion in dress, like most other subjects, admits of being regarded from several points of view. It has its sanitary as well as its æsthetic side. It is true that the former aspect is less frequently noted than the latter; but it by no means follows that it is of less importance. To those who look beyond the present hour, the sanitary influence of the passing fashion on the welfare of its votaries is a point of much greater moment than its influence on their æsthetic perceptions. The latter is more or less transient; the former endures for years, often even for life itself, whose duration it not unfrequently shortens.

If we take into consideration the influence of the present fashions prevailing amongst women, and test them by the ordinary laws of health, we shall find that some of them are most injurious to the well-being of the individual. For example: the prevailing style of boots, with high military heels and close constriction of the ankle, is opposed to every principle of physiology. The general form of the foot covering worn at the present time, even by persons who are not regarded as followers of fashion, is most injurious. The natural form of the foot is to have the great toe in a straight line with its inner side. Fashion has dictated that our boots and shoes should be more or less pointed, and the result is that the toes are wedged together, the great toe being thrust outwards towards the others. By long continued usage of shoes of this shape, the feet become more or less misshapen, and it is impossible to discover one person in a thousand whose feet are not deformed.

This evil, great as it is, is vastly increased by the present style of high heel, which causes the weight of the body to be thrown forward on the toes, and wedges them still more tightly into the front of the shoe. Nature has made the heel broad, so as to afford a firm basis of support; but the present style demands a small heel, which gives but an insecure foundation, and throws a great strain on the ankle joint when the foot is placed on an irregular surface; whilst the free play of the joint is prevented by the boot being tightly laced around it. The effect of this constriction in causing the waste of the leg may be seen in those countrymen who wear tightly-laced boots of this character.

Let us trace the permanent result of this fashion. It may be seen in corns, bunions, deformed feet, followed by an inability, more or less marked, to take pedestrian exercise. This want of exercise, in its turn, reacts on the constitution, and permanent ill health is the frequent result.

Passing from the feet to the head, what can be said in favor of the present style of bonnet? If a head dress is required at all, it must be because it answers some useful purpose, and serves to shelter the wearer in some degree against the variations of the weather—because it should shield the eyes from the glare of the sun, the head from the extremes of heat or cold, or the undue influence of the wind. It is needless to say that the present bonnet does none of these things, and, except as an expensive and not very graceful ornament, is without any utility whatever. But the evil does not rest here; the undue exposure of the head to the variations of temperature, for which our climate is so remarkable, leads to serious diseases. Inflammation of the eyes, diseases of the ears, colds in the various organs of the head and neck, are all traceable to the prevailing fashion. This statement may perhaps be doubted by some persons who may say "I do not know of any one who has had opthalmia from wearing a new bonnet," but inquiry at any institution where patients are treated in large numbers will prove that every great change in fashion is attended with an influence on the health; and it was remarked that when the present style of female head-dress came into fashion, it was attended with, or rather followed by a notable increase in disorders affecting the visual organs.

The influence of fashion in other articles of attire is still more marked; but enough has been said to direct the attention of our readers to the subject.—*London Queen.*

☞ At Ravenna, Ohio, a day or two since, while a lady was working in her flower garden, near her house, an owl suddenly darted down and alighted on her head, inserting its claws into her scalp, and causing the blood to flow freely over her person. The lady being badly frightened, screamed, and her son running to her assistance, found her struggling to detach the claws from her head, which she finally succeeded in doing.

☞ SHARP AT A BARGAIN.—Mr. Jones, of Western New York, came to the U. S General Hospital at Fortress Monroe, in search of the body of his son, which had been buried in the hospital cemetery. As was usual in such cases, the remains were exhumed and carefully removed from the coffin to a strong box suitable for transportation, all at government expense. After getting safely home he wrote to the executive officer as follows: "The old coffin in which my son was buried was left in the dead-house. *I want to know how much the government is going to allow me for it!*"

☞ PROFITABLE.—A traveller who has just returned from journeying through Africa, says: "A savage holds to his sows and to his women, but especially to his cows." He adds, "The price of a good looking, strong, young wife who can carry a heavy jar of water, is ten cows. Throughout savage lands, a family of daughters is exceedingly profitable." This is probably owing to polygamy, which creates a greater demand for women for wives than the Christian system.

☞ The following letter has been addressed by Mme. George Sand to one of the Illustrated Paris journals, in answer to an application for permission to publish a caricature of her:—"If I were free I should immediately say yes, for I have never been a coquette, and at the age of sixty-three I should be so with a very bad grace; but my friends are opposed to your proposition, and my children would be hurt and afflicted if I consented. All this has been said so seriously by those about me that I am forced to refuse. You must not bear me any ill-will for so doing. Be persuaded that I regret to reply by a denial to an application made in such affectionate and amiable language."

☞ MARRIED.—A marriage took place in Albany the other day of more than ordinary interest. The parties were Major Rathbone, of the United States Army, and Miss Clara Harris, daughter of Hon. Ira Harris. It may be remembered that both bride and groom were with President Lincoln's party in the private box at Ford's Theatre on that fatal night of April, now so tragically historic.

☞ The Tribune announces that Mr. Greeley proposes never to be a candidate again for office.

Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

REST.

Ladies—You have had so much of work from me of late that we will now turn aside for a little rest. When Mahomet's soldiers complained that the weather was hot, the march wearisome, and they wanted rest by the way, the Iron man said: "Rest! rest! rest! Shall we not have all eternity to rest in?" Now some of us want to rest before that time, otherwise we shall enter upon the other life before we have finished our work in this; or, worse still, we shall be laid up for repairs before we have done good service.

The Divine Leader in Palestine, unlike the one in Arabia, was mindful of all human needs, and said to His followers: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." If we listen, I think we shall hear Him now, as then, speaking to us just as He did to the Disciples, when they returned for fresh instruction after their first tour of preaching and healing. Humanity now, as then, wearies, and wears in any work, however worthy of our best energies, however cheering our success. Even Elisha needed time and place for rest, and the same good Providence which commanded the ravens to feed his predecessor, prompted the "great woman" (or, as the old translators render it, a "rich woman") to prepare a little chamber on the wall, with its bed, table, stool, and candlestick, so that when on his way to Shunem he would turn in thither and rest. The prophet seems to have had a standing welcome to the general hospitalities of the house, for we read that as often as he passed by "he turned in to eat bread;" but beside refreshment he needed a resting place.

How often have I seen those who seemed to need Elisha's chamber on the wall more than a home with "modern improvements," more than medical skill to make them well. A quiet corner like his, a cheerful walk for charitable purposes, a place to "turn in and eat bread," would suffice to cure many a chronic case, *if* with these came the contented spirit.

But in this "fast age," so full of business and bustle, few take time to rest or retrospect. To be sure, there are plenty of people busy and inefficient; but, of course, they are too much in the rear to get refreshing rest, or are not weary enough to enjoy it. Riches or honor, popularity or position, learning or fashion, "hurry up" the masses. Some are in great haste to do a little good on a large scale, or perhaps great good on a small scale. Others seem to be in a hurry because the rest of the world are, and so apoplexy, paralysis, and more obscure diseases of the brain and nervous system, are selecting their victims from among these hurried people. Many within the circle of our acquaintance are receiving slight warnings of the approach of a final failure of health, in the way of numbness of the limbs, disagreeable sensations in the top of the head, throbbing and ringing in the ears, dark spots before the eyes, dimness of vision, sleeplessness, etc. Those who take warning at these monitions, and "turn aside into a desert place and rest a while," and thereafter, when they return again to the busy world, work more prudently, may last to labor for many a year. But few listen to these warnings, for along with them comes a restless haste, a nervous solicitude, which impels them onward faster than ever before.

The following is an illustration of the type we once met in the "Great West," where people and places grow fast, and do not always know when to stop growing.

An individual began his business life with only twenty-five dollars and became a millionaire. When surrounded with all the elegancies of life and blessed with children and children's children, still the same imperative business haste hurried him on, so that he had no time to enjoy the good things he had gathered about him, or rather he had no relish for anything but work. So he hurried on till quite exhausted in body and brain, and then he would sit quietly in the corner by the open grate, seldom speaking, and then in a low tone, eating very little, and sleeping much of the time. In this state he would remain for three or four weeks, and then suddenly, as he would say, he "felt the electrical fire return to him again," and then he would be up and off at 3 o'clock in the morning, driving his business as hard as ever—riding fast, talking loud, and sleeping but little, till again worn out, when this state of quietness would return and effect a recuperation, and he would be off to business once more. One day a friend said to him: "Mr. ——, why do you not now rest and enjoy your riches?" "Rest! rest!" said he, "I hate rest, and wish I did not have to take time to eat and sleep." "Why," responded the friend, "don't you expect to rest in heaven?" "No," he replied, "if that were a place of rest I should not want to go there! To me the great beauty of that country is, that there we work all the time without eating or sleeping." This imperative business haste was the result of an overwrought brain which ended in insanity and death. There are many morbid symptoms which are often supposed to call for active measures, when it is passive ones the patient needs.

A clergyman, a friend of mine, had been subject to severe attacks of what was then thought to be bilious colic, and had been treated with the usual active remedies for that disease, to the great injury of his sensitive organization. These attacks have since proved to be of a purely neuralgic character, induced by nervous exhaustion, coming on after close mental labor, as when he had written a sermon which called forth much thought or deep emotion. After leaving all close study and giving himself to light labor the attacks ceased entirely.

A lady of my acquaintance, whose position requires much anxious thought and responsible care, was subject to severe and sudden attacks of pain in the stomach and through the section of the back opposite. For hours a groaning agony would rest upon her. The suffering she described as more intense than anything she ever experienced before. For a time they were supposed to arise from indigestion, and more and more care as to diet was exercised, and less and less food was taken, but still the attacks grew more frequent and more severe. Becoming certain they were not induced by undigested food, other habits of life were watched, and the discovery was soon made that they came on after any close and continued mental activity, especially when from anxious care her usual meals had been omitted, and that the less she ate the more frequent and severe the attacks. Her usual responsibilities were then resigned, a journey taken which restored her appetite; so that she ate freely, slept abundantly, and exercised a great deal in the open air, and had no return of those terrible attacks. On her return to her home labors, she found that whenever her brain work was so increased that her appetite diminished, the symptoms of a return of the dreaded guest would reappear. But these warnings have been promptly heeded, and more bodily exercise, more brain rest and more food, have prevented their return for years.

In this case the nervous force seems to have been so expended that there was a temporary failure in the ganglionic system of nerves distributed to the stomach, and hence this indescribable agony in that region.

Strong emotions—such as joy, grief, fear, solicitude—exhaust the nervous system more rapidly than intellectual activity, and hence rest is needed to repair this waste. But says one: "I feel the need of rest, but I can't find time to take it." Well, my dear woman, that is just the difficulty we have had in mind when we have been asking for more simplicity in diet, dress, and general home life—that you may have leisure to "go up into the mountain," down by the river side, or into the spare chamber of a friend, or some cozy corner at home, and take the rest you so much need. If we order the general tenor of our lives with Christian simplicity and economy, I think we shall also find the spare hours needed to keep us in health and cheer.

Our Saviour says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now don't spiritualize this till you have spirited away all its meaning, all its comfort. Fashion and the Pharisee are not unlike, in that they bind heavy burdens grievous to be borne, such as bring great care and little comfort. Have you, Christian wife and mother, found "your yoke easy and your burden light?" If not, canvass the domain of your duties, see how much you could curtail your crushing cares and still be a Christian. Perchance this pruning would make you a more consistent one. We who believe a good Father orders all our ways in mercy should not be in a state of chronic weariness, or, as the Yankees say, in a constant "stew." To be sure, there will be times when labors and cares will tumble in space, but if we possess our souls in patience, and work with cheerful energy they will all disappear, and so sure as a calm comes after a storm, so sure shall we find room and time for more rest than usual just after. When over-weary we are ready to sing with one of old:

"Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?"

And still we find it has great elasticity, great power of endurance in emergencies, and if we watch and take the little rests which circumstances offer, at the time or soon after, we shall come out not only unharmed, but with fresh reverence for the wisdom shown in human mechanism.

David said the wicked were like a troubled sea, which would not rest, but we have seen many modern saints who seemed in a similar condition constantly. The burden of their song for this life is "I am over-done." For the other,

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan."

Now not only the Jesus of the new dispensation, but the Jehovah of the old, recognized our need of rest, and set in order day and night—the one for labor, the other inviting to rest and repose. Beside this the Lord established the rest day, for we read that "on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed." Now we invent all manner of devices to shorten our nights, and if we do not "break the Sabbath," we "crack it," as the little boy said, and curtail it, too. But still, despite all the waves of worldliness which wash against this beneficent institution, it still stands as a worn rock, and casts for us a peaceful shadow, beneath which we may rest once a week. I speak rather of the physical blessings which this one rest day brings, though body and spirit are so allied that if we blight one we mar the other. Whatever our daily duties, the more truly we turn head, heart, and hand aside from them on this one day, the better prepared are we for the labors, the pleasures or the perplexities of the next six. The great Father, like a loving mother, has planned rest for us from the foundation of the world, but we, like restless children, rebel against accepting it. I note often, and with regret, that many excellent women, worn out by over-work and excessive care, feel, when laid up for rest, that they are of little or no use then. Now this is often the time to do their crowning work—to give lessons of patient, trustful endurance, such as they could not illustrate in any other condition. The world needs a good spirit more than good works, even. A clergyman, receiving an expression of sympathy from a friend because of the burdens which came upon him on account of his invalid wife, replied: "I have the best wife in the world for me. She helps me just where I most need help, for I lacked faith in the personal power of the Gospel to sustain one under bodily pain and daily privation. She has so perfectly illustrated this point that I preach it in faith." Of course, we do not expect all husbands to be as appreciative of the gentler influences as the one above mentioned. Here and there we find a sample like the one in Vermont, who, when he had a sick wife for whom his neighbor made kind inquiry, replied: "Wall, yes, she's some better, but she won't be any profit to me this summer." We remember another, too, who, when hearing the poor pay which women received for their work, said: "Why, I think they get all they airn now; the work my wife dun is not wuth a dollar a week to me." This same wife was the mother of half a dozen children, and some of those were sons. But there is no use in talking about this class of miserly men or miserable women; for they are quite beyond any missionary help from The Herald of Health.

But to return to our point. Every husband has his peculiar needs of a help-meet. Every home has its motherly work for head, heart and hand. But nature here, as everywhere, has her compensation, and if one faculty fails, the others are often more signally useful. Therefore, if we do the best we can to be strong in body, then the good spirit will so make up deficiencies that our life need never be a failure. Many mothers make good housekeepers of their daughters when their own infirmities have laid them aside from their regular duties, and if they then rest in spirit as well as in body, they infuse an element of peace into the home circle. But if unrest and discontent possess them because they cannot work as they once did, their great power to do good is destroyed.

But having found the time for rest, when or how shall she get it—at a watering place? In that wilderness of feminine finery, where any one who does not contribute their share to the show feels like an odd stick? Little chance for real rest, and that bought at a very dear rate, in such places. Of course, if it is a change of scene, mineral waters, sea bathing, a peep at the great or gay world that is wanted, we find it there. But if it is rest that we need, it can be got in larger quantities and at cheaper rates in other ways. If you live in the city and want country air for your children, don't take them where the country is filled with city airs, but to some quiet farm-house; turn them out to pasture in plain dress, and let them frolic with the lambs and colts and grow strong. This for a season; but now for the little rest which we need, not once a year, but once a week. Look for these out of doors and in the country much as may be. A tired head and a feeble body get but little rest or renovation shut up in close carriages, jolting about amid all the sights, sounds, and smells of a crowded town. But take a quiet drive in an open carriage, with children along, to divert by the things they see and enjoy, and it lifts one quite out of human details. Better still is a tramp with these little ones, having a lunch so that one meal may be enjoyed; for it matters little how plain the food, it always is eaten with relish and digested with ease if taken out of doors. I do not mean a great picnic, for these are always a weariness to the responsible heads of the affair; I suggest them simply for the family.

Get, if possible, the husband to join you, and though he may think it is foolish, ten to one he will be the happiest one of the company, and you will get a fresh glimpse of the heart that won yours, which has been covered so deep with business that you were afraid it was lost. Perhaps you are not strong enough for this; well, then, sit out of doors or lie out on the grass until you are. Out door life is the best "all-healing," all-restoring remedy I know of, whether for body or spirit, head or heart. Moonlight walks are very delightful to old folks and children, as well as to young lovers. Let your children look for the new moon as a token that the evening for a charming, chatty ramble is near, a thousand-fold more healthful than any amusement you can invent. I wonder we count so much on expensive evening entertainments, when the glory of the Lord shines out every clear night, and yet because it is so common we forget to admire or enjoy. When we are worn with work, and worried by failures, or perplexed by plans, there is nothing which so steadies, soothes, and strengthens, as an hour out of doors by night or day.

I once sat on a porch at twilight with a little boy in my lap. His bright, plump face glowed with coaxing admiration as he turned it upward, saying: "Moon and star come down to me." After an expectant delay he seemed to remember that *please* was a powerful word for procuring pleasures in his happy circle. Feeling sure of success this time, each tiny hand was extended, with palms upward, ready to receive the gifts when they descended, as he said: "Moon and star, *please do* come down to me." Finding that even please did not bring down the desired treasures, he gently laid his hands in his lap, and with a soft sigh of resignation said: "Mamma, moon and star too high for me!" but still with radiant face he gazed up admiringly. I then thought terror and trouble would come to us if, in maturer years, we had our own way at all times, just as in mercy moon and stars were held in their course despite childish pleadings. So, when our hopes are deferred, or plans fail, we may by a contemplation of Nature's quiet grandeur grow cool and content, saying: "All this which we asked was too high for us."

Let us trust in Him who holds the stars, clothes the lilies, and cares for sparrows, that He will also provide us with work or with rest, giving the needed prosperity to the one and needed pleasure with the other, if we fold our hands reverently and do not clamor for that which is "too high" for us.—*The Herald of Health.*

Miseries of Tight Lacing.

While we are growing very sensible indeed in the matter of dress, in the way of boots, balmoral skirts, warm stockings, and high necks, we are degenerating in some other matters quite as important. The corset is not a necessary part of a woman's wardrobe; and alas! when a woman does begin to wear corsets, she will wear them too small, and will tug at the laces till the breath becomes short, and she feels it necessary to refrain from anything like a comfortable meal. We say nothing against a well shaped corset, worn loosely, but there lies the difficulty. A loose corset injures the appearance, instead of improving it, and people wear corsets that they may have small waists. All we can say is don't squeeze, whatever you do. You may have small waists, but you are exposing yourself to a dozen misfortunes which are as bad as a large waist. First, you will surely have dyspepsia, and grow yellow and cross, and unhappy; secondly, your hands will grow red; thirdly, your nose; fourthly, you will be unable to walk a mile at once; fifthly, dinner will be a misery; sixthly, your shoulder-blade will increase in size and altitude; seventhly, your eyes will grow weak; eighthly, you will break down at thirty, or thereabout, and be a sickly old woman from that time forth. If these truths do not frighten women from tight corsets, perhaps the information that gentlemen do not admire what dressmakers call a "pretty figure," so much as a natural one, may have some influence.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

☞ The Rev. Dr. Cookman, pastor of the Spring Garden Street Methodist Church, Philadelphia, has had under his charge the Rev. Mr. Stockton, late a city missionary of Trenton, N. J., and his wife, both of whom are said to have become insane by religious excitement attendant upon the camp meeting at Vineland, N. J. The first indication of this was the throwing of a set of false teeth out of the car window, on the passage from Vineland to Philadelphia. On Friday night week the couple were found in the streets of Philadelphia, and, on giving indications of their church association, they were taken to the residence of a friend, from which they escaped; after which they were again found in the streets and taken in charge by Dr. Cookman. Mrs. Stockton still remains in Philadelphia, but her husband has been placed in the Asylum at Trenton.

☞ A hard drinker objects to putting water in his whiskey because it dampens his spirits.

☞ At Guelph, Canada, recently, a country youth attending the circus, offered the elephant a plug of tobacco. The sagacious animal, which had probably been tricked the same way before, stretched out its proboscis as if to take the tobacco, but instead suddenly seized the wight's hat, and after chewing it to a mass of pulp, threw it down at the feet of the owner.

Magpies.

During our work, when marking the boundary line, we had several mules and horses seriously injured by the magpies, the packers having inconsiderately turned the animals out with sores exposed. I observed one of our mules on the Sumass prairie, near the Fraser river, British Columbia, rolling madly, but was at a loss to imagine the cause. As I stood quietly watching him he got on his legs, but no sooner was he up than a couple of magpies which I had not previously noticed issued from an adjoining bush, swooped down upon the luckless mule, and commenced again what they had clearly just left off, literally, and not in mere figure of speech, to eat him alive. Vain were all the tortured beast's writhings, kickings, and attempts by mouth and tail to displace the greedy birds; they hung on with a perseverance certainly worthy of a better cause. Rolling was his only chance, but even then his persecutors simply hopped off patiently to bide another opportunity. Too much occupied to notice my approach, the two gourmands permitted me to get within range; a shrill whistle sent them hurry-scurry from their horrid banquet, for which they paid the penalty of their lives; I shot one with each barrel. Their beaks, as I picked them up, were reeking with the blood of the mule, and in one was still grasped a bit of quivering muscle. We had in our employ a quaint specimen of the thoroughbred woodsman; old "Pine-knot" we styled him, in compliment to his toughness of powers of endurance; in other words, he combined within himself the various crafts of gold-washer, axeman, hunter, packer, trapper, and rowdy in general. He hated magpies nearly as much as he loved whiskey, and invariably tried his best to destroy every one he saw. "Darned cusses," he used to exclaim, "they'd as leave eat a Injun as a hoss, and that's more nor a skunk ud do, you may bet high on it."—*At Home in the Wilderness.*

☞ A Choice Item.—A religious newspaper in New York in recording a "revival," adds in italics, as the choicest item in the paragraph, "Brother Hinckle has powerfully touched the conscience of callous sinners, and succeeded in doubling the list of subscribers to our excellent paper."

☞ The Muscatine (Iowa) Journal records the discovery, in that vicinity, four feet below the surface of the ground, of an ancient brick, supposed to have been made something more than ten centuries ago. Further investigations are to be made, in the hope of finding ancient ruins.

☞ The Cable.—The all important question—at least to stockholders—whether the Atlantic cable would pay, has been satisfactorily answered by Captain Sherard Osborn, who, in a communication to the London Times, states that the estimated receipts for the first year will reach £450,000, or within £150,000 of the original cost of the last laid cable.

☞ Meerchaum pipes in Paris are made of potatoes and turnips dried.

☞ If you would have your daughter's husband pleased with his breakfast, teach her to get a breakfast.

☞ Governor Throckmorton, they say, in view of the uncertainty of human affairs under military government, directed a recent communication to "His Excellency, or any other man, Governor of Louisiana."

☞ A Louisiana paper asserts that "on the Opelousas railroad, since the overflow, the engineer on the train has frequently to blow the whistle to clear the track of alligators, as the track is the only thing above water for them to rest on for many miles beyond Tigerville. The train has run over several alligators since the water went down."

☞ Moonlight.—The "Turf, Field and Farm" closes an obituary notice of the racing mare "Moonlight," the most promising and beautiful four-year old on the American turf, thus: "She sleeps in peace, after the stormy battle of life. And is this the end of the gallant spirit? Surely there must be something beyond the narrow present for one so great. Greatness is immortal, and immortality cannot die."

☞ The mechanical horse at the Paris Exhibition makes his mile in fifty-eight seconds.

☞ The French author, Alphonse Karr, has turned market-gardener at Nice, and sells bouquets tied with ribbons inscribed with original epigrams.

☞ A man has been committed to trial under the New York statute against "defacing natural scenery," for posting bills on the Broadway curbstones.

☞ Old Deacon Converse, of Hartford, was provided with an enormously long handle to his countenance. One day when he passed around the contribution box, everybody seemed to be possessed of an uncontrollable desire to laugh when they saw him. It seems that in the morning, having bruised his nose, he put on a piece of sticking-plaster. It dropped off, and he picked up what he supposed was the plaster, and stuck it on again. But alas! he had made a mistake, for instead of the plaster, it was a piece of paper such as manufacturers of spool-cotton paste on one end of every spool, and which read, "warranted to hold out 200 yards!"

☞ The wags of Paris say Miss Adah Isaacs Menken will this winter reappear at the Gaité in a new drama by M. Alex Dumas, entitled Lieberto, or the Inconveniences of Photography, in seventeen postures and twenty-five thousand tableaux.

☞ The Constitutional Convention of Michigan has passed in Committee of the Whole an article containing the principle of negro suffrage, and an ordinance extending the right of suffrage to Indians.

☞ The Lynchburg Virginian says there is a child in Montgomery county, Va., which was christened "Andrew Jackson Gordon James Buchanan Raise The Flag and Fire The Cannon Dobyns." The most astonishing thing about it is, the child is apparently healthy.

☞ Many people believe that where a great deal is said something must be true; they split the difference.

☞ A letter from Osaka, Japan, to the Philadelphia Press, says that when Gen. Von Valkenburgh, the American Minister, was introduced to the Tycoon, the latter dignitary wore a pair of *gold pantaloons*. Poor fellow!

☞ Paris is laughing at a mistake made by the Moniteur, which, in its report of a recent debate in the Legislative chamber, chronicled "unanimous approbation from several parts of the house."

☞ A gentleman now residing at Newport, R. I., sent a message at noon on Monday, the 1st inst., to Alexandria, Egypt, and received a reply at the same office the following day at 1 P. M., being twenty-six hours in transmission both ways—a distance to and from of not less than fourteen thousand miles.

Moslem Manners.

The Paris correspondent of the World says that the Sultan is very remiss in those little politenesses which civilized cavaliers render to the female sex. In the course of the proceedings it became proper that he should offer his arm to the Empress, instead of which he turned her the most frigid of cold shoulders, and sauntered soliterily away from her, a manner of proceeding more cavalier than chivalric. An officious Embassador pursued the Sultan, to recall him to a sense of propriety, but Abdul became suddenly deaf, and wouldn't be recalled. And when the Sultan came to the dais, he mounted that eminence slowly and alone, utterly careless that the Empress was coming up several steps behind him. Perhaps it was a knowledge of these little social idiosyncrasies which modified the preparations made in England for the Sultan's reception. The same correspondent thus describes the Commander of the Faithful: "He is a very corpulent man, with a small head and diminutive features, and his people are afraid he will die of apoplexy before he can reach his native kingdom—a frightful catastrophe."

☞ In Cleveland a negro baby fell out of a window, and nearly killed a gentleman passing along the street.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken (according to directions), PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Douloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

Holloway's Pills.—Why are they so popular? Simply because they are better than any others in existence; they give universal satisfaction; they do all that is claimed for them; they remove sickness and give health and strength. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. James E. Ogden to Miss Mary J. Whiteman, both of this city.

On the 18th of July, by the Rev. Pennel Coombe, Mr. Thomas J. Bowman, Jr., to Miss Mary Wilson, both of this city.

On the 23d of July, by the Rev. I. T. Cooper, Mr Joseph Birch to Miss Mary Vaughan, both of this city.

On the 3d of June, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr Edwin H. Dyer to Miss Mary J. Renner, both of this city.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr Henry S. Runyan to Miss Pauline Oakford, both of this city.

On the 2d of June, by the Rev. W. Smith, Mr. Joseph Atkinson to Miss Kate E. Powell, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of July, at the Old Man's Home, Mr. James Power Landsdown, in the 80th year of his age, a native of Bristol, England. For the last 50 years a resident of Philadelphia.

On the 28th of July, after a lingering illness, Caroline, wife of William Eastwood, in the 42nd year of her age.

On the 29th of July, Priscilla Jones, in her 76th year.

On the 29th of July, Mr. John Coleman, in his 54th year.

On the 28th of July, Mr. Alexander Miller, in his 53d year.

On the 28th of July, Mr. William Fassett, in his 80th year.

On the 28th of July, Elizabeth, wife of George Krider, in her 61th year.

On the 27th of July, Elizabeth Jacobs, aged 53 years.

On the 27th of July, Mrs. Susan Lovett, in her 64th year.

On the 27th of July, Charles A. Major, in his 29th year.

On the 26th of July, Samuel I. Goodall, in his 28th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The Flour market is quiet; sales of 400 bbls, including Northwestern extra family at $10@12 50 ₩ bbl; Penna and Ohio extra family at $11@12,50; fresh ground new Wheat extra at $11, and do do family and fancy from $12 to 15. Rye Flour sells at $8@8 25.

GRAIN—There is but a moderate amount of Wheat coming forward; sales of 30,000 bus new Penna and Delaware red at $2,21@2,25, including some very choice at $2,27@2,40, and Kentucky white at $2,31. Rye; sales of o'd at $1,45, and new at $1,45. Corn; sales of 5,000 bus yellow at $1 17@1,20, and Western mixed at $1,11@1,13. Oats, 10,000 bus old sold at 90@92c, and new Southern at 82@83c.

PROVISIONS—The market has been very firm. Pork—sales of mess at $24 75@25, and prime at $21. City packed mess Beef sells at $27,50@28. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 20@22c; Sides in lots at 13½c for ribbed; 16½c for clear ribbed, and 12½@13½c for smoked Shoulders. Green Meats—Hams are selling at 17@18c. Shoulders, in salt, sold at 12@12½c. Lard—Sales of 200 tcs and bbls at 13½@13½c, and kegs at 14½@15c. Eggs sell at 20@22c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 850 bales at 26½@27c for middling Uplands, and 27½@28c for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of 21 hhds No. 1 Quercitron at $42 ₩ ton, and 1st No. 2 at $38.

BEESWAX—Sales yellow at 41@42c ₩ lb.

COAL—Cargo sales of Schuylkill red ash at $4,50, white ash at $4, and Lehigh at $5,25@5,50 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—Sales of Western at 70@85c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples range from $3 to $4, and Peaches from $1 to $1,50 ₩ bus; and Dried Apples at 4@6½c; Peaches are held at 9@11c for halves, 7@8c for quarters, and 25@28c for pared.

IRON—Sales of 300 tons foundry Iron at $44 for No 1; $40@41 for No 2; and $36 for forge. Scotch Pig ranges from $41 to 43.

SEEDS—Sales of Cloverseed at $8 50@9; Timothy at $3 50@3,75; and Flaxseed from $3@3,05 for old, and $2 80@2,85 for new.

WOOL—The market continues inactive. Sales of 120,000 lbs unwashed at 30@31c; tub at 42@35c, and common and fine fleece from 45@50c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 16½@17 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 2700 Hogs sold at from $9,50@10,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 28 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($3.00) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$3.50
1 copy of THE POST and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies			$4.00
4	"		8.00
5	"	(and one to getter-up of club)	9.00
8	"	" " "	12.00
14	"	" " "	20.00
20	"	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

Battle of Birds.

While sauntering around lately, we accidentally witnessed one of the most singular ornithological exhibitions that ever fell under our observation. A chimney swallow had only begun to balance his little body upon the topmost branch of a large cherry tree, when a robin of aldermanic proportions swept down upon him from a neighboring maple. The swallow fought him nobly for awhile, and with every prospect of success, until his russet-colored foe was reinforced by his mate; then, not till then, did the little hero cry for quarters. Twittering loud and piteously, he attracted the attention of some of his tribe, and to his relief came the colony of a neighboring chimney. Now began a combat worthy of a painter's pencil.

As the swallows advanced and retired in dark waves, they dealt cruel blows at the devoted robins, who, maddened by pain, fought with desperation; but the odds were too great, and gasping, bleeding, quivering, catching from bough to bough, the robins fell to the earth, shapeless and torn. Although intensely exciting, the combat was not the most interesting feature of this curious exhibition. Many of the swallows were covered with wounds given by the sharp claws and strong beaks of the unfortunate robins, and these received the immediate attention of the unwounded, who in pairs carried them tenderly to their sooty homes. Now came the final and most singular features.

Tenderly, carefully, and solemnly was each dead swallow conveyed to the top of a large chimney adjacent, and after piling up the rigid bodies in one sombre heap, the entire swarm settled upon the roof in silence, while one of their companions, whose great age was evident from the light grey of his feathers, perched upon the lightning rod, and for some five or ten minutes chirped, twittered, and slowly flapped his wings. During this performance, which was evidently an oration upon the virtues of the deceased, the bird audience maintained their positions immovable; but at the close, three of the birds, whose black, glistening coats denoted their youth, advanced and cautiously pushed the bodies into the yawning chimney. This accomplished, each winged witness sailed away, noisily twittering, as though in heated discussion over the fight in which each had participated.

☞ "That's a pretty go," said the husband when his beautiful wife ran away from him.

NEXT YEAR.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The lark is singing gayly in the meadow,
The sun is rising o'er the far blue hills,
But she is gone, the music of whose talking
Was sweeter than the tones of summer rills.
Sometimes I see the blue-bells blooming in the forest,
And think of her blue eyes;
Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her garments—
'Tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard,
And fall, in thought, to tangling up her hair;
And sometimes, round the sinless lips of childhood,
Breaks forth a smile such as she used to wear.
But never any pleasant thing around, above us,
Seems to me like her love—
More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er us,
More constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning,
She meets me not in any summer eve;
But once, at night, I heard a low voice calling,
"Oh! faithful friend, thou hast not long to grieve!"
Next year, when larks are singing gayly in the meadow,
I shall not hear their tone,
But she, in the dim, far-off country of the stranger,
Will walk no more alone.

LOVE, THE AVENGER.

BY W. READE, JR.

I had only returned from Australia, a few days when I fell in, by one of those coincidences which people won't believe in novels, and which so often occur in real life, with a man whom I had not seen for ten years, and whom I had lost all trace of. He was Philip Chasemore, a surgeon, whose life and abilities had been devoted to the obscure well-doing of a country practice, although his abilities were worthy of a more brilliant sphere of action. And I specially wished to see him, because he had been the intimate college friend and companion of a man who was the admiration of most of the men in the university during my time, their admiration being only equalled by their perplexity; for the man in question, Gerald Stauncel—"Firework Gerald," as he was surnamed from his erratic genius—was a person very unique in his way. With the most brilliant abilities and some of the best qualities, he united to these others proportionally bad. Generous, courteous, high-spirited, free of money, time, and interest on his friend's behalf, and the life and soul of every circle wherein he chose to exhibit his *real* wit and humor, he would change in a second from the frank brilliant *bon vivant* companion to an enemy fierce and passionate as a revengeful southern; the blaze in his dark eyes, and the white pallor of fury which overspread his face, might be excited by a harmless speech at any moment, and his physical strength rendered him a most dangerous antagonist. No wonder, then, that with all their admiration of his good qualities, men felt insecure as on a volcano's edge when in Gerald Stauncel's society.

His intellect was of the highest order. How often have I heard the brilliant epigrams and the lucid arguments flow in an unbroken stream from his lips when he was really warm to his work and nothing crossed his temper. The lore of Greece and Rome was as familiar and dear to him, with all his fondness for modern life and pursuits, as the latest odds and the gossip on the things of the day were to his companions. The power of concentration, argument, and fluent diction which he possessed—and he had little or none of the wordy crudity of youth—marked him out for distinction. So thought we all, and so, of course, did his father, a grand old specimen of the English squire, a stately country gentleman, who supported his load of years like a boy, and carried his white head as gallantly as a soldier of the old guard. He was the owner of the gray Stauncel Court, which stood surrounded by its beeches in the midst of a fair domain of three thousand acres, every tenant on which was prepared to fight any man who doubted that the young squire would be the best "member for the county," in Parliament.

When he and I quitted the university simultaneously, an advantageous offer in Australia caused us to separate. I had heard nothing of "Firework Gerald" for ten years. I had been thinking of him but a few hours back, for I landed at the place where ten years previously he had wished me good-bye, and the first man I lit on in London was one better able than most to tell me of Gerald's career.

"And you have never heard?" said Chasemore, gravely. "Why, his name was in most of the newspapers."

"Likely enough; but in the bush, newspapers were very few and far between."

"It's a long story," said Chasemore; "dine with me, and I'll tell you about it. I'm all alone, for my wife and child are at the seaside."

A few hours afterwards I found myself an inmate of a house which showed that its owner had a good London practice. Chasemore had certainly made his *coup* in quitting Muddletown and settling in Tyburnia.

The cloth removed, my host pushed over the claret, and, drawing his chair to the fire, relapsed into silence; his cheery conversation ended, silence remained unbroken.

"Ah," he said, suddenly, "I never feel so thankful for my own domestic happiness—I wish my Laura had been at home for you to make her acquaintance—than when I put together all the links, half forgotten, of poor Stauncel's story."

He rose and went to a drawer, took something out, and brought it to me. It was a leathern case, in which was a gold hunting watch, with one cover dented in by a heavy blow. I looked at the crest and saw it was the Stauncel falcon.

"There," said Chasemore, "there's my sole relic of poor Gerald. He gave it me just before he died."

"Died!" I said, in utter bewilderment; "do you mean that Gerald's dead?"

"Dead. Eight years ago."

I was thunderstruck. I had so keen a remembrance of the man we spoke of. His athletic form and splendid health were the envy of us all. He came of a long-lived and sound stock as could be found in England; and eight years ago he was in the very first prime of matured manhood.

"Ah," said Chasemore, as if he guessed my thoughts, "no disease carried off Gerald; he was killed. I'll tell you all the story.

"You know the generous offer the old squire made to me to reside as the salaried physician of the family at the Court till I could find a practice to suit me. To a young fellow fresh from college and hall, with a bran new diploma, the attractions of a handsome salary, perfect kindliness, and equality with an ancient family, one of the first in the county, were great temptations. I went. I was treated by everyone as a friend and visitor, and shared all their invitations. My work was a sinecure, so I kept my hand in by prescribing for the village, and aiding a little the overworked Union medical officer. As for Gerald, he was my constant companion, shooting and riding, and filled up his working hours by studying for his political career; for he was no mere *fainéant* aspirant to legislative initiate. You know what an intellect he had.

"One of Mrs. Stauncel's oldest friends was a neighboring Mrs. Chetwynd, widow of an Indian Major, who had left her with a fair income and a beautiful daughter. The widow and her daughter were constant visitors at Stauncel; in fact, they were on the most intimate footing, and Miss Chetwynd was 'Lucy' to everybody (Gerald included) except myself. She was a brilliant blonde, with a very complexion, deep blue eyes, and a rosebud of a mouth. Tall, graceful, slimly-formed, and light in all her movements, she was a model of feminine vigorous grace.

"The young lady was clever in her own way. She drew well, talked French and Italian well, and danced well; but she had no taste for music or intellectual pursuits; therefore there wasn't much sympathy on that point between her and Gerald.

"Gerald grew, I saw, fond of the young beauty, and he was not the man to enter half-heartedly on any cause. Ere long he was evidently passionately fond of Lucy Chetwynd. He told her so, and the girl confessed her *penchant* for him, for she was fond of him—very few girls would not have been so. And her mother, a thorough woman of the world, was alive to the eligibility of Mr. Stauncel's eldest son—Mr. Stauncel being a rich and long descended landowner. Generally you don't find the qualities united.

"Lucy behaved very prettily. That's a queer word, isn't it? but it means just what I think. 'Pretty,' her demeanor, and manner, and speeches to him were: 'loving,' I never thought them. She was rather *distraite* at times when he used to try to make her as enthusiastic as himself over Byron and Edgar Poe, or ran on for an hour descanting on Mozart's sonatas. Music to him was his life-blood; with her, it was a 'pretty' accomplishment. Still, to all appearance, they seemed to suit each other well. But the engagement seemed only a half one.

"In the summer down came a visitor. He had been a tuft at Christ church in Gerald's time, and an ally of his on the river. He was a handsome man, rather *insouciant* in manner, and stupid in his ideas, or lack of them. But he was Raoul, fifth Viscount Desserton, and owner of half a Welch county. That fact his admirers never forgot, and it threw a haze of romance and intellect round him. And the viscount never forgot it himself.

"He seemed very much struck with Lucy Chetwynd's beauty. Indeed, her tranquil loveliness was eminently adapted to catch admirers by a *coup d'œil*. And the young lady, even while knowing Gerald's fondness, and really fond of him herself, was not indisposed to receive a peer's glances of admiration. So matters went on for some days.

"Mrs. Chetwynd was an old campaigner. The glitter of a coronet dazzled her and made her feel thankful that the engagement between her daughter and Stauncel was only an embryo one. And so she gave her daughter sundry secret instructions.

"I don't think, looking back, that at first Lucy Chetwynd had any intention of jilting Gerald. But the girl's character was a weak one, and her love of admiration had been fostered from her childhood. So she gradually listened more and more complacently to Desserton's compliments, for a season of utter dissipation at Paris had taught him one accomplishment, which was his sole one—saying pretty things neatly; and as Gerald was away day after day on his electioneering business—poor fellow, he'd come in at night and tell Lucy his day's adventures canvassing, as if she should share them—the peer had good chance of making play. And he made it.

"The squire and his son were too thoroughly high-bred to dream of treachery in a guest. Moreover, the generous spirit of Gerald led him to trust a former friend, and especially an university friend, implicitly; so he let the viscount escort Lucy hither and thither, with the full trustfulness of a confiding nature. But when those natures are deceived, their wrath is terrible."

"I can fancy what an unchanged lion Gerald would have been," said I.

"Yes," said Chasemore, "you are right.

"After about three weeks, and during Gerald's absence, Lord Desserton formally proposed to and was accepted by Miss Chetwynd. The secret was well kept, and he having procured a licence, they were married at a church near the parish; then lord and Lady Desserton went suddenly abroad, accompanied by Mrs. Chetwynd.

"The old Squire's first intimation of the news was a letter well and craftily written by Mrs. Chetwynd. It dwelt much on the incompatibility of temper, &c., of her daughter and his son, and ended by every wish for Mr. Gerald Stauncel's happiness. When Gerald returned flushed with success (for he was returned by a majority,) his mother met him, and lovingly, tearfully broke the news to him. He listened to her, and then rushed into the old hall, where I was pacing up and down, sorely ill at ease. His face was flushed crimson, and his eyes glittering as you have seen them once or twice when he was in a fury. He seized my arm like a vice, and his working lips showed how the fierce wrath within choked his words.

"'You heard the news, Chasemore,' he said, at last. 'You know what that villain has done. You know he's robbed me of Lucy. Smooth-tongued, lying, treacherous cur! Curse him! he's taken advantage of my miserable weakness and blighted my life.'

"'Hush, Gerald,' said I, 'the servants—'

"I had no need to say more; the pride of race was more potent even than love or hate. He bit his lip till it bled, and his anguished face settled into stern calm.

"'You are right,' he murmured, 'but if I live I'll be revenged. Ah,' and his voice broke, 'my lost love! my lost love!'

"After this he grew calm and never spoke of the matter. Days, weeks, and months passed on, and though Lord Desserton's name brought the mad fury into his eyes, and a burst of curses from his lips, his fits of rage never turned against his false betrothed. To him she was a victim merely; he never blamed her in the slightest degree; his voice softened, and his eyes filled at allusion to Lucy. But all his anger was reserved for Desserton. You know what his anger was, and can easily guess its intensity when roused by such a wrong.

"Two years rolled away. Gerald devoted himself to his parliamentary work. At the end of the time he asked me in the summer to take a walking-tour. We went, therefore, into Wales, with our rods and knapsacks, and amid the glorious scenery, the good fishing, and the novelty of life, enjoyed ourselves much.

"One day, as we were walking towards a small town, a carriage passed. Gerald started, turned pale, and gasped out one word, 'Lucy.'

"'Whose carriage was that?' said I, to an English slate miner passing.

"'His lordship's,' said the man, civilly; 'he owns all our mines hereabouts.'

"'Not Lord Desserton?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"Gerald Stauncel's face wore the old look of vengeance which had gone from it so long. I tried to soothe him, but my efforts were useless.

"'You heard me swear, Chasemore,' said he, sternly, 'that I'd be avenged. You can do no good. You know me, and might guess that, therefore.'

"I said nothing, and we reached our inn. All night long in the next room I heard my companion's restless steps, and in the morning he looked haggard with watching and care; but over his face there brooded that grim and savage look which boded the worst.

"He ate nothing, and after breakfast asked the way to Desserton Hill. It lay three miles off, and seeing he was bent on going, I decided on accompanying him.

"We went on for some two miles, until we crossed a railway line. By the side of this ran a private road, marked 'Private.'

"'His private path,' said I, mechanically.

"'Yes,' said Gerald, with a ferocious glare in his eyes that made me shudder, 'therefore let us use it.'

"Hardly had we crossed and entered on the road, when coming towards us from a little copse on the other side, we saw two women. They advanced from some distance, and to reach us would cross the line.

"'Merciful heaven!' said Gerald, with a quick gasp, 'Lucy!'

"I looked, and recognized Lady Desserton, her companion a nurse, carrying a crowing, laughing baby. Stauncel's eye fell on it like that of a famished wolf; the hungry glare in them was horrible, and the convulsion of his features was dreadful.

"'His child,' he muttered; 'the future viscount—their heir.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'and *her* child, Gerald, too.'

"He shivered, passed his hand over his eyes, and said in a calmer tone,

"'Aye, hers—Lucy's—Lucy's,' with a pathetic intonation very pitiful to hear.

"The gallop of a horse was heard behind us. I looked back and saw Lord Desserton. Stauncel looked round and started, while the red flush darkened his face with passion.

"'D'you see the dog?' said he, furiously. 'Now's my time—now!'

"He turned. I seized his arm, dreading some act of violence, when the shrill whistle of a steam engine rang out. I looked and saw the express coming at a tremendous speed, while a shriek from Lucy drew my attention to what was indeed a terrible sight. The nurse had slipped on the rails, and the child had rolled in front of the advancing train, while the unhappy mother made the air resound with her screams; suddenly her eyes fell on my companion. Stretching out her hands, she shrieked, 'Save him, Gerald, save him!' and then fell fainting into her husband's arms, who had reached the spot.

"Gerald paused a second, and then, with a glance at Lucy, sprang on the line. He seized the baby, tossed it to the nurse, and turned; but the express was on him like a flash, it passed, and Gerald Stauncel lay motionless between the rails. Desserton, his face blanched to the lips, hurried over, as did some laborers near. I, half frantic, rushed to our poor friend, and a cursory examination showed me how fatal his injuries—arm and ribs broken, by the blow of the engine buffer, and internal wounds. He only lived for an hour from the time he was struck down. He was sensible, and we carried him into a cottage near, and there in a strange group we stayed.

"By-and-by, the white face grew for a second flushed, the eyes opened, the lips quivered. And Lady Desserton burst into bitter tears.

"'The child?' gasped Stauncel, half inarticulately.

"'You've saved him—you whom I so wronged,' she sobbed out.

"'I,' he said, with a look of happiness on his bleeding face, 'I, Phil; you hear her? That's my revenge.'"

LOAFING AS A FINE ART.

My friend, my chum, my trusty crony!
We were designed, it seems to me,
To be two happy Lazzaroni,
On sunshine fed and maccaroni,
Far off by some Sicilian sea.

From dawn to eve, in the happy land,
No duty on us but to lie
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest, and arm, and hand—
Beneath the blue Italian sky.

There, with the mountains idly glassing
Their purple splendors in the sea—
To watch the white-winged vessels passing,
(Fortune for busier fools amassing),
This were a heaven to you and me!

Our meerschaums coloring cloudy brown,
Two young girls coloring with a blush,
The blue waves with a silver crown,
The mountain-shadows dropping down,
And all the air in perfect hush:

Thus should we lie in the happy land,
Nor fame, nor power, nor fortune miss;
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest, and arm, and hand—
Two loafers couched in perfect bliss!

FALSE FACES.

We find in Adam Bede what to us seems a part explanation of a very difficult problem. Speaking of Hetty, Miss Evans says that "her face had a language that transcended her feelings." And then she goes on to say that "there are faces which Nature charges with a meaning and a pathos not belonging to the single human soul that flutters beneath them, but speaking the joys and sorrows of foregone generations; eyes that tell of deep love which doubtless has been, and is somewhere, but not paired with those eyes, perhaps paired with pale eyes that can say nothing—just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it." We often meet people with a plain story enough written in their faces, but when we have studied their natures, we find our reckoning completely falsified by our acquaintance with them. This, unfortunately for men, occurs most frequently with women. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that, except in a very unsophisticated time of life indeed, a woman allows her countenance to tell anything upon her; but, apart from her power and instinct of deception, there is again that—if we may so term it—physiological advantage which she derives from her ancestors, and which enables her without effort to wear an expression which may be eminently more attractive than that which she could claim in her own right. If a man is first brought to love a woman for her face, he is pretty certain to continue to set the tune of his thoughts about her to that key-note. He expects certain qualities are dormant in her mind which he alone has been clever enough to perceive. He wonders how her own family circle do not appear to consider her capable of all he is satisfied she can do and think. It would startle him a little if he were to learn that the pensive nose and thoughtful forehead came to Louisa from her great-grandmother, and that the mental attributes bestowed by him upon those features have been completely eliminated during the transition.

This is the danger of studying physiognomy—one danger at least of studying a lady's face. The odds are all against our being right. The fiftieth part of an inch may put us out, and bring around calamitous eventualities. And yet it is assuredly the case that there are men and women who believe in faces long after the owners of the faces have given the most distinct lie and contradiction to their own countenances. Love, or whatever the feeling may be termed, does blind Titania to Nick Bottom's ears. Men will cling to their ideal of a woman's face long after the woman has utterly negatived every expectation to which it gave a prompting. They will watch as patiently and as perseveringly sometimes for the due sentiment to come to its surface, and play upon it as the angler watches his trout flies on the surface of the stream. This very anxiety and interest often renders matrimony more endurable. One reason why brothers and sisters so usually quarrel when living together is, that they are thoroughly up in every move and thought in their own circle. Faces tell no untruths to them. They make no allowances on the score of expression, and sisters who would be amiable before strangers will not care to rehearse in private. They wear a look for the guest, and a look for the family dinner. This is a danger to which a guest is exposed. He has his ideal face, if he be romantic, from which he expects all that can make him happy. The lady who sits opposite may either have this as an inheritance, or put on something like it when she dresses. If her attractiveness be from the first source she deserves no credit for it, and her character may utterly belie it; if she accomplishes it by the second plan, her admirer may be assured that she will no more take the trouble of keeping it up to please him, once the necessity for pleasing him seems to depart with marriage, than she will take the trouble of being sentimental about him two years after that event. A plain or an ugly woman, if she cannot make herself handsome, can always make herself desirable to some one, and that one is the man whose ideal expression corresponds with the mask for society with which nature has provided the sex. This is what is meant by the saying, that a woman is seldom unmarried save through her own fault. Every woman gets many chances if she but knew them; not every woman, however, will recognise the lover whose infatuation is sufficiently profound and desperate to bring him to the point. Unreasoning admirers, if ladies but knew it,—admirers who are caught with eyes, or "tangled in Nerea's golden hair," make as good husbands as the most sensible and speculating of admirers. A man who has plunged hopelessly into a sentimental attachment, accepts the situation after a while with a steady and enduring pertinacity, if only fairly encouraged; and nothing will bring him more swiftly or more assuredly to this state than the sight of a type and manner of face on which some subtle emotion is stirred within him whenever he sees it.

To turn for a moment from the more sentimental aspect of false faces, it is curious to notice what complete change in the character of a countenance is effected by age, and above all how great is the change when death lays its hand upon it. Apart from the alteration due to physical reasons, there is unquestionably an unaccountable relapse into phases of expression which we have seemingly dropped years ago. One of the most touching incidents of the death-bed is the recognition by parents and relatives of a youth and freshness on the face of the departed, and of an expression associated with school-time, boyhood, and the spring of life. Harsh and hard-featured men and women when lying at rest, have little of the ruggedness and the ungraciousness which they carried with them through the world. Even old age—old age sinking out in decay—takes a strange beauty at the close, and a score of years, with the furrows and the lines of years, disappear, to permit, as it were, a trace of the beautiful childtime to return again. Or is it that all our other faces were "false faces" except this? Perhaps so. Death is very sincere and very truthful. It would be pleasant at least to think that when passion was spent, the socket burned down, and thought and brain asleep, nature herself comes to vindicate whatever is good in us by a distinct and final manifestation. The brother of Death, as the poet calls Slumber, does not treat us so. In dreams our faces often seem worn and weary, and even convulsive to those who look on us in that state. We do not cast away the false face at night. We bear it as our thoughts have formed it, and our working existences, but at the finish we are done with it. The face of a dead wife will seem far more familiar to those who have known her in girlhood, than to the man who has known her as husband for more years than they have seen her.

THE DYING GIRL.

And thou art dying, beautiful and young,
  When smiles of joy should on thy lips be playing,
And thou shouldst bound with sportive glee along,
  Where merry maids are in the meadows Maying.
The spring sun shineth through thy window-pane,
  The pleasant breeze with balmy breath is sighing,
And thou canst hear the feathered minstrel's strain,
  In that still room where thou art pale and dying.

Why is thy spirit summoned to the skies,
  Untried by years, unvisited by sorrow?
Why art thou called, ere yet thy gentle eyes
  Have feared to look upon the coming morrow?
Thy cheek hath never paled with anxious care,
  Thy heart hath never throbbed with guilty sadness;
Even as thyself thy course was pure and fair,
  Hallowed by love, and cheered with looks of gladness.

Why didst thou leave thine own immortal Heaven,
  For earthly guests to cherish and caress thee?
Why unto us wert thou, sweet spirit, given,
  And called away when we had learned to bless thee?
Why wert thou fashioned lovely to the sight?
  Why were thine eyes with tender radiance streaming?
Why didst thou come, young being of delight,
  To fade like mirage on the pilgrim gleaming?

Selfish and weak!—why should we wish thee here?
  Pass to thy home, unspotted, happy spirit;
Hasten on blissful wing to that glad sphere,
  Where thou wilt glory evermore inherit.
Mingle and dwell among the angel band;
  But, O! while stars beneath thy path are burning,
Think thou at times upon our sinful land,
  And plead for those whose gaze is upward turning.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XLVII.

NIXON'S HUT.

The lad who held the letter between his thumb and finger, and whose light-blue eyes, round, prominent, and restless, were engaged in taking a stealthy survey of Lord Ulswater's personal appearance, was not a favorable specimen of the British peasant. He was no chubby, honest-faced youngster, with a wholesome pink skin, and a candid look, such as may be seen any day in agricultural England, and whom it is easy to imagine in the Roman slave-market, with a benevolent pope pinching their ears as he utters the venerable pun: "Non Angli, sed Angeli;" for these round faced, ruddy scions of the old English stock really do present no slight resemblance to the rosy cherubs whose heads, and wings, and plump torsoes we admire, as they flutter, smilingly, on painted canvas and frescoed ceiling.

The messenger in question differed from these as a gaunt Irish pig, limbed like a greyhound and fanged like a wolf, differs from the indolent porker, small-boned and obese, that wins gold medals at Islington. A lank, rawboned stripling was he as he stood there in his ragged smock-frock; a white felt hat, low crowned, and with a narrow brim turning upwards, resting on his head. It was just such a hat as the comic countryman wears upon the stage; but it was old and damaged, and had a streak of blood and matted hare's fur upon it, that no keeper could have seen without emotion. From under the upturned brim of this hat, there fell a quantity of neglected hair, of a white flaxen tint, that matched perfectly with the freckled face, the high cheek-bones, and the protuberant blue eyes of this rustic Ganymede. Lord Ulswater looked to his servant for an explanation.

"Sorry if I've done wrong, my lord, I'm sure," said the groom. "This boy came a quarter of an hour ago with a letter he said he was told not to give into no one's hands except your lordship's own. He stood me out, it was on business of consequence, and so I made so bold to bring him out to you, my lord. They're a bad lot, them Nixons, in a general way, and I knowed him for a Nixon directly he put his ugly face inside the stable-yard," continued the groom, who was a local groom, born and bred in the district, and who knew its inhabitants pretty well by sight and by repute.

"You did right, Masters," said Lord Ulswater. "I think the boy must be a Nixon, as you say. Is that your name, my lad?" he added.

"My name be Kit Nixon," said the youth, sheepish and yet saucy. "I ben't ashamed of it, and so I tell you Tom Masters. We're as good as you, we Nixons. We're all there, we are, whatever you may say; and if my dad and Uncle Simon warn't in trouble, you durs'n't—"

"Hold your tongue, my young friend," said Lord Ulswater, rather amused than displeased by the boy's petulance. "Who wrote that letter?"

"I dunnow," replied the stripling, suddenly divesting his freckled face of every sign of intelligence, and confronting the inquirer with absolute stolidity; "I dunnow he."

"Do you know, you limb, you're a-talking to my lord, and he be a justice o' the peace, too?" cried the groom, quite scandalized, and then touched his hat again, and "begged pardon, my lord."

"I know," said the boy, turning savagely on his monitor—"I know, Tom Masters, for all your fine livery, and your boots and spurs, Uncle Simon drashed ye, like a sack o' wheat, he did, at Lushington Fair; and I'll drash ye too, for a sovereign a side, when I'm a year or two older."

The noble owner of St. Pagans laughed gently. This little by play of comedy was a relief to his gloomy thoughts. He motioned to the groom to be silent, and took the letter from the boy, who resigned it unwillingly.

"You be the gentleman sure?" said Kit Nixon.

Lord Ulswater opened the letter, and almost as soon as his eyes lit upon the writing, a great change came over him, and his face blanched as if the Gorgon's glare were turning his flesh to marble.

"Saddle a horse," he said, hastily; "the gray, *Firefly*, will do for to-day. Bring the horse round to me here; and make no fuss about this, Masters, either in the stables or in the servants' hall; you understand?" And Lord Ulswater looked fixedly in the man's face.

Masters, the groom, looked as intelligent as he could.

"Yes, my lord," was all he said, but he had an air of great importance as he ran round to the yard. "Take off gray *Firefly's* clothing, will ye, you, Simcox," he cried to a helper. "Just give him a rub down while I get the saddle and bridle from the harness-room, and turn him round in the stall, and unbuckle them coupling-reins, and get the halter off. Look sharp!"

"My lord's in a hurry, seemingly," said Simcox, as the girths were drawn.

"What's that to you? Don't you go jawing about it, I advise you, my man," snapped Masters in reply.

It was not the best way of obeying his lord's injunction certainly, but he had gray Firefly saddled in the twinkling of an eye, and brought him round to the cliff-path, where Lord Ulswater stood, with the letter crumpled in his hand.

"You must show me the way; I shall not ride fast," said Lord Ulswater as he mounted.

Kit Nixon, who was the person addressed, nodded and grinned. "All right, governor," said this irreverent young person, to whom social decorum was as nothing; and as the rider headed his horse towards the spreading downs, this strange foot-page ambled beside his rein, sending back a gesture of defiance by way of farewell to Masters.

"Darned young gallowsbird; he'll come to no good!" muttered the groom, gazing after him.

Firefly was a sixteen-hands high horse and a fast walker; but Kit Nixon, at a shambling, jerky pace, kept well up with him all across the elastic turf, that spread for a mile or so, unbroken, over the downs, running inland. Presently, a gate appeared, guarding the entrance of a narrow lane, and henceforth the way lay between hedgerows, past small woods, and among lonely hills, the sides of which bore a short herbage, nibbled by little flocks of sheep. Only once or twice was a carter, trudging beside his team of two sturdy farm-nags, harnessed tandem-fashion, and drawing a load of quick-lime from the kiln, passed upon the solitary road. But rough and uneven as was the track, the guide showed no sign of distress. "Trot if ye like!" he said once as he jerked along; and as Lord Ulswater did not press his horse into a faster pace, Kit Nixon merely gave a shrill whistle, to prove that he had breath to spare, and hurled a stone now and again at the rabbits that sat sunning themselves at the entrance of their burrows.

"We live on Clackey Common," Mr. Christopher Nixon had said; and as Clackley, corrupted into Clackey in local parlance, was one of those out-of-the-way nooks which exist in every district, and which few but the compilers of Ordnance Maps have ever heard of, the lad's guidance among the lanes was not a work of surpassage. As Lord Ulswater rode quietly along, with that ill-written letter in his breast pocket, he found that his thoughts, vagrant as it is in the nature of thoughts to be, strayed to the probable future of the impudent young fellow running beside his stirrup.

As Professor Owen builds up a Dinornis out of a few dry bones of the dead-and-gone wingless bird, so had Lord Ulswater the power to construct a tolerably correct mental picture of Kit Nixon from the data before him. He could see the family—there are such everywhere—under a casteless stigma, shunned, suspected, getting a livelihood, as Esau got one, by the strong hand. All countries contain such civilized savages, plying a dubious industry on the borders of society, snatching and snarling for crumbs like the wild dogs at the gate of Dives. He had some recollection of a Nixon sentenced to penal servitude for horse-stealing, and of another hanged (but that was in John Carnac's nursery-days, and he had heard the servants prattle of the thing) for stealing sheep.

What would become of this creature, whose most innocent employment was to help in netting a covey of partridges, who only worked once a year at hop-picking, and whose father and uncle were in jail for the twentieth time perhaps? Would he take the shilling from Sergeant Kite, and be moulded into a smart soldier? That was once chance, and emigration was another; but beyond that there lay a vista of nothing but bridewells and model prisons, with perhaps a halter at the end.

Wondering at himself for thinking on these topics, Lord Ulswater did think of them, eyeing the ugly lad in the ragged smock-frock with something that was not far removed from genuine pity. John Carnac had never been a philanthropist, save in the sense that every man of intelligence and education, and who is but moderately selfish, is one. He would have preferred that vice and crime, and want and ignorance, and all the brood of sin and suffering, should become extinct. He knew that the world would be a much more comfortable place of abode if every fellow-creature in it were sober, and good, and honest, taught and washed, lodged and fed, in accordance with the maxims of health and morality. He had rather have seen a happy smiling world of good-will and mutual kindliness, than the fierce elbowing and trampling down of the weak and the stupid, which goes on throughout the eddies, and ebbs, and flows of the battle of life. But not if he were to pay for it; not if he were to lose one private advantage or enjoyment incompatible with the general good. Sooner than that, he could look with serene indifference upon the strife and sorrow of the masses blundering blindly on upon their devious path.

But it is easier to bear with equanimity of armies mown down and cities blazing at the convenient distance of some hundred leagues or more, than to bear the sight of a single corpse lying by the road-side, or of one cottage in flames. Kit Nixon, as a member of the dangerous classes, was no more interesting than is any unknown unit of the slain upon a far-off field of combat. It was good to learn from blue-books that there were supposed, on the strength of authentic returns, to be so many thousands and hundreds of them, showing a diminution or increase of so many per cent, since a previous year, and to hope that the tribe might one day become a thing of the past, improved out of the country. But here was Kit, no impersonal fraction of an arithmetical average, but a live human being, capable of feeling joy and woe, pain and pleasure, and with as much at stake in the great problems of existence as if he had been H. R. H. Prince Christopher, and no mere rustic thief.

Lord Ulswater made more than one effort to draw the youth out, to induce him to talk freely, but all his skill failed. The boy looked cunningly up at him, and then ensconced himself behind that shield of impenetrable stolidity that a modern Corydon, in no matter what part of Europe, can always oppose to questioning. A country lad is not less suspicious of the intentions of other people than is the sharper town-reared boy—perhaps more so; and in Kit's case, the unwillingness to be communicative was stronger than with plain plough-boys who come of unfelonious families. The world was not Kit's friend; and the world's law was to him as the abomination of desolation. Talk confidentially to a gentleman, who was one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and who owned land and preserved game—the thing was absurd! A Highland cateran might as well have been expected to boast of his exploits to the sheriff of Selkirkshire, or Brum to exchange numismatic confidences with the Master of the Mint. Young Nixon proved to resemble Canning's knife-grinder; he had no story to tell, or else he would not tell it.

"This be Clackey Common!" remarked the lad, swinging open a gate that opened from the end of the last lane upon a wide open waste, too wet to be easily reclaimed by any draining-works for which the peaty soil would ever return an equivalent, and which was rushy and reedy, and heathy and broom-tufted, and full of black shallow pools, over which the water-hen flew like a dusky ball of feathers towards her flat nest among the sedges. "This be Clackey Common! Nice place, ben't it?" added the stripling, grinning with native impudence as he saw the expression of disgust that crossed Lord Ulswater's face on catching sight of this aguish wilderness. As Kit spoke, he winced away from the horse's side, as if expecting a blow in return for his effrontery; but something kindly in Lord Ulswater's grave, handsome face encouraged him to venture back within reach.

"You be a gentleman!" he said critically, and, with the air of an authority on such subjects: "not like Farmer Titterton down to Splashley there, the stuck-up Jackadandy—they calls un Squire Titterton; but I knows better, for all he wears a red coat out with fox hounds—he licked me with his gig-whip; you may see the cut across my face here yet, just because I hallooed after him, Stowe market-day. You must mind how you ride here. Keep behind me. It's as wet as can be."

And, indeed, Lord Ulswater found that his horse's feet sunk into the soft miry earth at every step, unless he kept strictly to the narrow path, full of stones, up which his young guide pushed at a brisk pace.

The path lay uphill after a time, and presently the many-colored roof of a queer, untidy edifice, low and long, became visible.

"You be our house. Nixon's Hut they call it," said the boy, half proudly, half with shy surliness. "Father built it, when the tell-tale sneak of a bailiff got him turned out of his cottage up to Tinling Street, five mile away. I say," added young Kit, sidling up to pat the neck of the gray horse, "if you're going to give I something to drink your health, let me have it afore we git there, else brother Roger'll grab it.—Whoop! hurra!" cried the young savage a moment later, as he made haste to conceal the two half-crowns which Lord Ulswater tossed to him; and with glistening eyes and elated spirits, he went running actively on in front.

Nixon's Hut soon became more distinctly apparent, with its turfen walls and low-pitched roof, half of turf and half of thatch, overgrown with moss and house-leek, and every parasitic plant that can cling to rotting straw. There were but two windows, very small, and glazed with green bull's eye glass, but the door stood open. Christopher ran in, and soon ran out again.

"Brother Roger's dead drunk," he said, cheerfully; "and mother and the children be out, a-gleaning or something. But the cove's in—he what wrote—and here he comes."

And in very truth, shading his eyes with his hand as if the daylight dazzled him, forth from the hut came, approaching Lord Ulswater in the doubtful fawning way in which a dog in disgrace approaches his master, the sturdy figure of Bendigo Bill.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CONFESSION.

Bendigo Bill came cringing out, with quite a new sort of awkwardness in his gait and air, as he approached his patron. So might some gross, ignoble demon humbly draw near to do homage at the steps of the burning throne of Milton's archfiend.

"I—I meant to do for the best, my lord;" he growled these words rather than spoke them; and then the frown that he saw more in Lord Ulswater's eyes than on that broad white brow that it was so hard to ruffle, froze him into silence.

Lord Ulswater wheeled gray *Firefly* round: "Follow!" he said, in the deepest tone of his deep voice; and then, with the ex-bushranger trudging meekly at the heels of his horse, he rode to the highest part of the hilly ground, just outside the boundary of the Nixon domain. Here he drew rein, and waited for Bendigo Bill to come up to his side.

The place was one fairly well suited for a private conversation. There was a broad space from which the broom and heather had been cleared away, and where not a bush remained to shelter eavesdroppers. On three sides stretched the drear expanse of Clackley Moor or Common, and on the fourth lay the two fields and the patch of garden-ground that the squatter had fenced in, unreproved, when first he built his wigwam in that wild corner of the earth. Clackley was either no common except by name, or it was a common whereof the commoners had lost their rights by disuse, probably the latter, for the district is one of those south of England tracts of country whereof the population lessens every decade in favor of northern hives of industry. Not so much as a flock of geese or a stray donkey cropped the little grass that struggled here and there among weeds and reeds. The manor was in Chancery, and the receiver of that high court contented himself with drawing rents from solvent tenants. The Nixons were in a fair way to gain a freehold by sheer lapse of time.

But it was not a thriving freehold. The garden was as the garden of the sluggard, choked with rank growth of groundsel and nettles, and there were more poppies, and docks, and wild vetches among the spare oats and the few potatoes, than good husbandry allows. It was bad, wet land, and it was lazily tilled, more as an ostensible means of living than a real one. The only cheerful thing about the enclosure was the gorse hedge, gay with gold bloom, that ran round the lower part of it. A place of bad repute with the county police was Nixon's Hut: not a constable in the shire would have cared to visit it alone.

"How came you here?" asked Lord Ulswater sternly, of Bendigo Bill.

"I knowed the Nixons long ago, so please you, my Lord," said the man meekly; "I've been a pal of Long Nixon, that took to the bush, in Australia, and was shot—"

"So you came here for shelter, after the—what shall I call it—the little affair of the other day?" interrupted his patron, with a sneer that distorted his handsome mouth into an expression that was absolutely fiendish.

"Yes, my Lord!" was the downcast answer, and Bendigo Bill's eyes sought the ground.

"You have done wrong," said Lord Ulswater severely; "you have gone beyond your instructions, and have brought that bull-neck of yours within the compass of a halter. I ordered you to watch the man, not to mur—"

"Stop, my Lord; don't say it," hastily implored Bendigo Bill, interrupting his patron for perhaps the first time since their acquaintance had begun. "I thought to please you by—by—" He passed the sleeve of his fustian coat once or twice across his dry lips, and took a long breath, and then looked down again, evidently waiting for his employer to speak. But he waited in vain. Not a sound reached his ears but the jingling of gray *Firefly's* bridle as the horse tossed his head, impatient to be gone, and the pawing of gray *Firefly's* ironshod forefoot upon the peaty soil, and the surly hum of a laden bee winging its way home.

Two minutes—three—five! How slowly and painfully they went. The ex-bushranger bore them as he would have borne the rack, with obstinate endurance at first, then with a smothered execration, and at last with an actual groan. He looked up. The rattling of the curb chain had ceased, and horse and rider, motionless, towered above him like an equestrian statue. There was something irritating, and at the same time awe-inspiring, in that stern repose. The horseman's features, noble and calm, and very pale, paler by far than Bendigo Bill remembered to have seen them, were as inflexible as iron now. The blue eyes were cold and steady as the eyes of a stone saint on a Gothic tomb—not a muscle moved. Lord Ulswater, deep in his dark thoughtfulness, was as still and impassive as if he had been entranced or spell-bound.

"My Lord!" broke out Bendigo Bill, in sheer desperation. He advanced a step, and laid his hand, hesitatingly, on the gray horse's silken mane—"my Lord!"

Lord Ulswater started like one suddenly aroused from sleep, and in a moment he shook off the imperious thoughts that beset him, and was the same cool, courageous gentleman that his ruffianly acolyte had ever known him. "I repeat it; you have done wrong," he said, fixing his piercing gaze on Bendigo Bill; "but spilled blood, like spilled milk, cannot be atoned for by empty words. I don't ask you why you did it; but I do tell you, that you have brought yourself to the very edge of the drop at Debtors' Door of Newgate Jail, and that you have so bungled the business as to implicate *me* as an accessory after the fact, to use the technical phrase. How dared you send that young ragamuffin to St. Pagans? Do you not know that your scrawl of a letter ran every risk of being fingered and peeped at in the servants' hall, before it reached the hands it was meant for? And do you suppose that *I* should pardon you the disgrace of a public trial, into which I should be dragged by your blundering act?"

Bendigo Bill gave a growl like that of a faithful dog unjustly blamed. "You know I'd not split; you know I'd swing first!" he said, reproach in his eyes and tone, looking up at the hard, handsome face of his master.

"I know this," answered Lord Ulswater with an accent of such perfect conviction that it chilled the stout heart of the man who heard it: "you are certain to give a holiday to the London mob. I hear the hammers, even now, of the workmen putting up the scaffold, and the hoarse roar of the great crowd that blocks the streets around the grim prison-walls in the gray of early morning. I hear the bell of St. Sepulchre's toll for the death of a man alive as yet, strong, healthy, likely to last these forty years, if it were not that all the thousands of sight-seers below had come expressly to see him strangled to death before their eyes. And I see you, William Huller, led out, with pinioned arms, upon the drop, and you shudder as you feel the hangman's fingers fumbling with the cold cord around your neck, and you do not look as bold as when my Lord Judge put on the black cap, and you heard your sentence, and boasted you would die game. One look down at the street that seems paved with faces looking up at you, all at you, and then they draw the white cap over your eyes—"

"Be quiet, curse you!" exclaimed Bendigo Bill in irrepressible mental anguish, as the heat-drops beaded fast upon his forehead. "I can't bear that. Are you a man, I wonder, or the devil himself?" This ruffian was not more imaginative than are most of his class. He lived in the present, and gave little heed to the future. Had he been actually left for execution, he would very probably have eaten a hearty supper, and slept a refreshing sleep on the eve of his doomsday, and then gone out like an ox to the shambles, staring, half-stupid, and half-ferocious, at the preparations for thrusting him out of this world. But Lord Ulswater's words, very slowly and forcibly uttered, very carefully chosen, had sunk into his ears like drops of molten lead, giving pain most exquisite, and tracing a ghastly picture, that was perhaps more dreadful to the ex-bushranger than the reality would have been.

Lord Ulswater watched the working of his untutored friend's scarred and weather-beaten face with a good deal of amusement. He waited quite contentedly till the man's mood should change. Presently, Bendigo Bill began to shuffle awkwardly with his heavy feet, and to cast side-long glances at his patron. "I beg your Lordship's pardon," he said sheepishly.

Lord Ulswater reined his horse round, and rose in his stirrups to look over the hedge and wall of loose stones. No untoward listener was near. "I can save you from this—I alone," he said impressively, and Bendigo Bill looked uneasy still, but some hope began to glimmer in his eyes.

"I never killed a white man before—not a white man," repeated he with great emphasis on the qualification—"except in a stand-up fight. And I wouldn't have hurt him, not beyond choking of him down, and leaving him to come to by degrees, if he hadn't turned and faced me, and known me as I laid hold." And then it all came out, given with savage force and minuteness of detail, the story of the crime. How Bendigo Bill, eager to gain possession of the documents which he had heard Mr. Marsh mention in his first interview with Loys, had gone early to lie in ambush among the piles of timber by the river-side, meaning to put his garroter's craft in requisition for the purpose of depriving the surgeon of these papers, the importance of which he probably much exaggerated. He had armed himself with a murderous weapon, but he protested, with all the energy of a self-deceiver, that he did not mean to use the steel crowbar, except in defending himself if in peril of capture. But Mr. Marsh had not proved an unresisting victim. He had turned on Bendigo Bill, had known him at once, and had called him by his name. "I hit him then," Bill confessed—"I hit him with the ripping-chisel, and he closed with me, and we had a goodish tussle; but I got the best of it, and, to stop his hallooing out for help, I—I—but he died hard, sir." And the ruffian showed a half-healed scar upon his own cheek, close to the upper lip. "He got the crow from me one-twentieth part of a minute, and I wrested it back again," he explained.

The other details of the homicide were few and brief. He had searched the pockets, had taken the papers that he sought, and had possessed himself of the dead man's watch, in order, if possible, to throw the police on a false scent. But some noise had alarmed him, and he had made haste to throw the body into the river, and had seen it swept away and sucked down by the current. He had then made his escape, had washed away, at the foot of a stone stair leading down to a landing-stage, such stains from the recent deed as were on his hands and clothes, and had tied up his bleeding face in his red handkerchief. Then he had proceeded to the railway terminus, hoping to catch the late mail-train, and to reach Shellton during the dark hours.

But at the terminus, Mr. William Huller's evil genius had led him into the presence of a detective officer, who was waiting there, cunningly disguised, to start on professional business by that very train to another town lying on a fork or branch of the Shellton line. This officer, who knew Bendigo Bill perfectly well, had also seen at a glance that the man was agitated and restless, and that there were good grounds for crediting him with some recent mischief. But even detectives are but men, and it was not likely that the sergeant should run the chance of losing a large reward merely that he might escort Bendigo Bill, as a reputed thief, to the nearest police station.

"Mind you, though, Bill, my man," the officer had said, with lifted forefinger wagging minatory before the ex-convict's eyes, "if there's any special job gets known of to-night in town, I shall take the liberty of asking a few more questions about how you've spent your time. Twig's all."

Bendigo Bill, crestfallen, slank out of the station. Travel with Sergeant Sharpe, after that warning, and perhaps be locked up on suspicion in some country prison, as a rogue and vagabond well known to the police, until the murder should be town-talk! Run the risk of being stored away in the larder of justice, as it were, like some dainty that would be the better for the keeping! The man would as soon have gone, knowingly, into a lion's den. He had not taken his ticket for Shellton, nor had he let slip the name of the place whither he was bound. There was some comfort in that. He might walk the distance. The enemy would be less likely to pursue him thus, along the old high-road. He lost no time in putting this project into execution. Before the pale dawn broke, he was miles from London, setting his face resolutely seaward, and tramping sturdily on along the dusty common way.

He showed, at this pinch, some of the instinctive cunning of the lower animals. His point was St. Pagans or its neighborhood, as that of a hunted fox is the well-known earth, far off on some gorse-topped hill, where the fir-spinny stands out blackly against the pearl-gray winter sky. But as the fox doubles and twists, and tries all the resources of his silvan skill to give the hounds the slip, so did Bendigo Bill strive hard to blind the trail. Turning off the main road, he either slept away the hot day in tops of village inns, or plodded along the loneliest lanes, taking short-cuts over field and common, and only returned to the highway when night was come to screen and befriend him. Always, however, he was steadfast to his purpose. Lord Ulswater was his patron and employer; Lord Ulswater could, and doubtless would, get him off scot-free. His great aim was to reach St. Pagans before he should be arrested and cut off from communicating with his master.

The body must have been found long since, he told himself, as he made his devious way towards the coast. Before he reached the end of his journey, he knew that his conjecture had been proved a true one. It was in a noisy public-house in a market-town, on the day of a horse-fair, that he read the account of how and where the corpse had been discovered. He read the paragraph in the column of accidents and offences of the county paper, yet wet from the press, on that the day of its publication. The country editor had extracted that paragraph from the London journals at the last moment, and when the *Flying Horse* received its copy of the local Gazette, the barman gave the first offer of its perusal to the stout-built navvy, tramping from London in search of work, because he was sober in the midst of a crowd of drunken, bawling horse-chanters; and thus Bendigo Bill came to read the printed announcement of his own crime.

He was poring over it still, with a dull, fearful curiosity, when he felt a touch upon his arm, and looking up, recognized a face that he had not seen for many a day—the face of Kit Nixon's big brother, a strapping young man in velveteen, with a cart-whip in his hand.

"Why, Bill Huller?" said the big brother of Kit Nixon. "What's up now?"

Bendigo Bill knew this Nixon right well, and all the Nixons, save young Kit and the juveniles of the family. He had robbed orchards and hen-roosts in company with Simon, this lad's uncle, now in jail; and had been a comrade of another of the tribe, Long Nixon the bushranger, shot, after the manner of bushrangers, by a trooper of the Australian mounted police. The Nixon in velveteen was of a younger generation; but he, too, had co-operated with Bendigo Bill in the matter of hocussing a hop-grower fresh from the Borough Market, with his canvas bag of sovereigns in his pocket. The two associates in this bygone enterprise met in friendly fashion.

Then it was that Bendigo Bill first bethought him of Nixon's Hut, and how he might lie snugly there concealed, instead of venturing into

Shelton. The lawless family dwelling on Cluckley Common would not, he knew, betray him. Enmity to all constables, sessions, assizes, and legal persons and paraphernalia was a tradition with them, and almost a passion. Very likely, as Sir Robert Walpole declared every man, politically speaking, to have his price, the Nixons might have theirs; but it would need a large reward to induce a member of the household to give up an old pal, and stand in the box as a crown witness.

The scheme was soon broached; but Bendigo Bill was careful to drop no hint of anything worse than robbery with violence as the cause of his desire to "keep dark" for a while. The Nixons were not very scrupulous, but they might have felt some repugnance to willful assassination. Policemen and gamekeepers were, no doubt, natural enemies of the human race, to exterminate whom was excusable, if not meritorious; but the cold-blooded killing of a person not belonging to these objectionable classes, would have probably shocked them not a little. As a garrotter in difficulties, yet with sufficient cash to stand treat liberally, the fugitive was more than welcome. He had been for two or three days a guest at Nixon's Hut, and his spirits were beginning to flag by day, and his sleep by night to be troubled with grisly dreams.

"Do help me to get out o' this, my lord," the fellow pleaded, as he concluded his tale; and as he spoke, he produced the papers taken from the person of the unfortunate Shelton doctor; "do give me a lift, or I shall get the horrors. I've seen chaps so, that had something on their minds, at the diggings."

Lord Ullswater took the papers; he looked them over, almost carelessly, and placed them in his pocket.

"Worth having, but not at such a price!" he said with his cold smile. Then he smiled again, more cordially, and his voice was more gentle than before, as he said: "I will give you a lift, as you call it, Bill—a lift that will set you on your feet again, free from all apprehensions of a near acquaintance with Mr. Calcraft. Your talents have not scope, it seems, in this old-fashioned country: California, now, with three or four hundred pounds to start you in life—"

"The very thing, my lord!" cried the man, brightening up at once. "If your lordship only would."

"And I will. But you have a service to render me first," said Lord Ullswater. "Do not trouble yourself to speak. I see by your face that you would do much to begin life afresh in an untried country. I cannot tell you yet what is the service that I require. Keep still, and keep sober. In a day, or two, or three, you shall see me here again; and I promise you that within a week or two, you shall be at sea, clear of England.—Enough! you must have patience!" And shaking off the ruffian's grasp from his bridle, Lord Ullswater turned his horse, and rode leisurely back to St. Pagans.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AMONG THE MARKET GARDENS.

"Justice must be done—ought to be done. There will be no blessing upon us or ours, Jem, dear, unless we help that poor child to get his own inheritance," exclaimed Loys, with passionate earnestness.

"I say so too," rejoined her husband; and old Brum nodding assent, the motion may be said to have been put to the vote and carried unanimously. It was, in fact, something like a council of war that was being held by this trio.

The house in which the council of war was held was such a house, and in such a situation, as only a suburban district to the east of London could have paralleled. The dwelling itself was cottage shaped, but it was neither of stone nor brick: it was of wood, and of second-hand wood also, for it appeared as if no portion of the materials had not done service before. Part of this extraordinary cottage consisted of the stern-most half of an old barge, sawn in two, and a moiety set up endways in the earth, and propped by great tarry pieces of timber, on which snails, which were Legion thereabouts, had left their glistening track. The half-barge was yellow; but the rest of the walls had been composed of stray pine-planks, old doors painted green or blue, boards rough as when they left the saw-mill, but dark with exposure to weather, odds and ends from carpenters' yards and wharfs, nailed together with some ingenuity, but no heed to symmetry. The cottage was of no particular order of architecture, and even in shape it was irregular, bulging out in unexpected places, and having a number of small windows like those of a sea-going vessel's cabin. The roof was flat, and was boarded, the boards being protected by tarpaulins nailed over them, on which latter there rested a multitude of flower-pots, above which towered the battered figure-head of a ship, Britannia, trident in hand.

A queer habitation, with its walls patched indifferently with old wood of all colors or of none—green, blue, black, yellow, or staring red, with creeping plants crawling all over it, and a heavy wooden porch in the Dutch taste, and adorned by several grotesque little painted figures, chipped and broken now, such as may be seen any day by the myriad along the borders of a Dutch canal.

"Old Vanpoerenboom, the Dutch market-gardener that built this crib," the Professor had remarked—"I knew him well, and many a pipe I smoked with him under that porch of a summer's evening. He was a bachelor, and lived all alone. His sister was in London, though, married to a sugar-baker's foreman; and it's the nephew, a pub loan, the garden belongs to now. I know the publican too. The garden's rented off, but I've had leave to use the house when I like. I got the key to-day, and got in a bit more furniture on hire from a broker's in the Woolwich Road. The house is in good repair. Nobody's cared to live in it since the old man's time. He used for to say it reminded him of Holland, the view of the premises, he did."

There was really some truth in the defunct Dutchman's remark. He had thought fit to erect his Bachelors' Hall in the middle of a large garden, one of a congeries of gardens, large and small, but all highly cultivated, on the strictest principles of pure utilitarianism, for the supply of London, lying hard by, and hungering for fruit and vegetables. There were no bright gravel-walks in these gardens, no shrubberies or trim lawns inviting to croquet, no fountains, no trees murmuring softly in the summer wind, no clumps of gorgeous azaleas and rhododendrons—nothing but moist black earth, unctuous and fertile, whence sprang up greens by the wagon-load, and radishes by the ton, and strawberries enough to fill millions of pottles in the season of strawberries, and all other home-grown produce that Covent Garden demands. Trenches and ridges where asparagus grew, melon-frames and bell-glasses like great vitreous mushrooms strewed thickly over the ground, acres of gooseberry-bushes, cucumbers under glass, and scarlet-runners twining high upon their trellis-work of poles, as if emulous of the fairy beanstalk up which Jack clomb to fortune. But not a square inch of lawn, no blossom beyond a score or two of tall brazen-faced sunflowers; nothing for show—all for use.

These gardens were divided from one another, here by a tiny canal, there by a low brick wall, well defended by broken glass, and in a third instance by wooden palings, garnished with a triple row of cruel-looking tenter-hooks, over which the most famished of street Arabs would hardly have ventured. They contained countless arbors, generally made of an old boat set on end, but sometimes merely consisting of a few spare laths or bits of half-rotten timber, draped all other with honeysuckle or French beans. There were also sheds innumerable, some for tools, and some for seeds, and others for the habitation of domestic animals—rabbits, pigs, and poultry; profitably maintained on the refuse of the greenery and roots, the best of which were daily carted off to satiate the perennial appetite of craving London.

Beyond, over a vista of low-lying marshy fields, and broad ditches, and wind-mills, lay the Thames, with all its masts rising gaunt through the haze of river-vapor, and the smoke of the many below-bridge steamers, ceaselessly puffing and splashing their busy way up and down the muddy stream. On a mellow autumn evening, when the sun was going down, brick red or tawny orange, in the stained western sky, and when the high lands lying to the north were hidden by fog-wreaths clinging heavily to the foot of the hills, the late Mynheer Vanpoerenboom might, without any great stretch of imagination, have fancied, as he inhaled the fumes of his tobacco, that the landscape on which he gazed belonged to some peculiarly ugly province of his native Netherlands.

But for purposes of concealment, the place was well chosen. Very few, save market-gardeners, ever left the marks of their feet in the soft earth of the ill-kept lane, and market-gardeners are an incurious race, wrapped up in considerations of weather and prices.

Within, the house was more comfortable than could have been surmised from an inspection of its exterior. Most of the rooms had been panelled with well-seasoned wood, cut into curious shapes, such as suited the cabins of the ships in which it had no doubt been buffeted by the waves of all the seas on the map of the world. In the principal room or parlor was a ship's stove. There was some old-fashioned furniture of small value, in addition to that which Brum had hired; and as the original proprietor had possessed a share of the Dutch passion for cleanliness, the planks of the floors and stairs, and the bricks of the kitchen pavement, were even yet in tolerable condition.

"She's a rare one to draw, I can tell you," the Professor had said, pointing to the stove in the parlor, and which had probably comforted the chilled limbs of some Amsterdam skipper, in many a wintry voyage among the sleet-storms of the North Sea—"a rare one to draw. But the place, though pleasant in summer, is just a bit damp, you know, for nine months of the year. Nobody, not Dutch, could stand it." And as crops of variegated fungi clung in unwholesome profusion to water-butt, and porch, and wall—as there was duckweed on the little canal that served to irrigate the garden in dry weather—and the very sty (ingeniously built of boards from Canton tea-chests) that had once held Mynheer's porkers, was dropping to pieces from the effects of mildew, the Professor's observation was evidently within the limits of truth.

But Sark had a sailor's handy knack for adjusting and contriving; and his wife being gifted with the quick perceptions and neat-handed industry which women are rarely without, the furniture was speedily arranged in orderly fashion, and the old place began to look neater than ever it could have done in the days of its founder. Brum was indefatigable. He ran errands assiduously, was ready to fetch and carry like a retriever, and did his best to ingratiate himself with his guests. He showed great skill in discovering impromptu charwomen, bringing in, now a deaf old female, warranted to scrub and scour as long as the tea and gin, which seemed the staff of life to her, were forthcoming; now a little girl, capable of sweeping floors and peeling potatoes, and whose parents were glad that she should earn a sixpence by a morning's enlistment under Mrs. Sark's orders.

"A regular servant," old Brum remarked, shaking his sagacious head, like an aged rat dilating on the dangers of traps and poison—"a regular servant would never do: sure to get talking. Bless you! I'm up to these games, I am. There's nobody keeps a regular servant this side of the *Lord Rodney* public; not till you get to the marine store beyond the canal, they don't. People would fancy 'twas the Emperor of Roosha in disguise, if I was to ask for one—they would, about here."

And this appeared possible, since the market-gardeners by no means followed the example of the philosophical Vanpoerenboom in dwelling among their cabbages. They usually lived at some distance, on drier ground, and contented themselves with employing one or two private watchmen to supplement the vigilance of the police.

Brum, like most men, was partly, and but partly disinterested in his good offices. He really, in spite of his partial betrayal of their intentions on that night on which Lord Ullswater had visited him under the guidance of Mr. Moss, had a strong liking for the Sarks, husband and wife, and a genuine gratitude for their goodness to him when he lay, ill of fever, and poor, on a sick-bed in Australia. But if he liked them much, he liked himself, as was but natural, even better. His first offer of a hiding-place had been very much prompted by the wish to get the plate for the manufacture of forged Russian rouble notes executed in the superior style for which Dandy Jem had once been famous. But Dandy Jem, partly because he was weary of lawless living, and partly to please his wife, had not proved malleable on this subject. In vain had the Professor laid the smooth slab of burnished steel, the white wax, the long-stoppered acid bottles, the array of sharp graving-tools, and the specimen of genuine paper-money, on the same table which supported the little model on which Sark worked so hopefully: the tempter tempted in vain.

Presently, however, old Brum, whose age was not exempt from caprice, as indeed the age of a Methuselah would scarcely be, took fire with a wholly novel notion. The Sarks made no secret of their intention to emigrate to America, where the clever Manxman's talents, eminently marketable, would be likely to meet with a substantial reward for their exercise, and still more so if he could carry with him a sum of money to set him up in some small way of business. Why, thought the veteran Professor, should he not go to America too, keep near his young friends, and share the good-luck of which they were so confident? He had a tiny hoard of money, enough to pay his way in America for three months or so. He should not prove a drone in the hive. His ingenuity, in some branches of manual art, was undoubted. True, what he did best was to coin spurious shillings and sovereigns, and this industry, if Jem were really resolute to be on the square henceforth, must be given up. But as a watchmaker or as a locksmith, as a working jeweller, or a working-cutler, he knew very well that he was no mean proficient. He could be of use in Jem's future factory, if Jem would agree to take him on.

Sark and Loys Sark were willing that this aged law-breaker, in the sere and yellow leaf of his days, should follow them to the far-off country, gilded by the tints of Hope. There was something almost touching, to Loys Sark's fancy, in the idea of the old man's new resolution to share their fortunes, and sin no more. Very likely, this desire was half selfish, based on no higher motive than a wish to be cared for in his helpless old age, as he could rely on being cared for by these kindly people, and by them alone. But perhaps the Professor, like other eminent depredators, had sometimes cherished a day dream of turning honest one day, when able to afford it, without a probation of poverty. This moral *ignis fatuus* had very likely hovered before his bleared eyes more frequently since his return from the antipodes, and now, or never, seemed the time to reform.

In the species of informal partnership which was thus agreed upon between the Sarks and their Mentor, confidences were by degrees exchanged, and each member of the association learned something from the statements or conjectures of the others.

Little doubt soon existed in the mind of any one of them that in all that had occurred with reference to those concerned, directly or indirectly, in aiding the present peer to obtain the title and estates of Ullswater, the same dark and subtle agency of evil might be traced. In that mystery of iniquity, two persons had taken a prominent part—Loys Sark and Stephen Marsh, M. R. C. S. Of these two persons, one had been foully done to death; and the other, by the treacherous contrivance of a pretended benefactor, had been banished to a remote part of the world, watched for, and plotted against on her return.

Brum's reserve with reference to his own knowledge on the subject of the murder beside the river had thawed to a great extent. He very plainly avowed that he, the Professor, hiding among the wood-piles, had been an eye-witness of the deadly struggle, and had recognized the assassin. The name of the latter he declined to mention. "There's things best kept quiet, ma'am Sark," he had said half-archly, in reply to all questioning. "Maybe I've a sort of softness towards that poor chap—he that did the job—for I know he was brought up bad, and never had a chance. I don't want, anyhow, to do him hurt. But he's a Shellton man born, that's what he is; and there's somebody down Shellton way—a grand gentleman—owed the doctor no good-will, he didn't."

It seemed, indeed, very probable that Lord Ullswater was he who had employed the murderer of the Shellton surgeon; also that Mr. Marsh had spoken the plain truth when he declared that he could prove by written evidence how perfidious had been the conduct of Mr. Moss, the attorney, in the conduct of James Sark's defence. It seemed scarcely probable that so wily and determined an enemy as their great foe should slacken in his pursuit of the married pair who had his secret. And that Loys was in special danger, seemed but too likely. She had been the actual agent in what had been done at St. Pagans on that night which had seen the obstacle in John Carnac's path to rank and wealth removed, as he thought, for ever. Her testimony, and that of Mr. Marsh, would have been equally damaging to John Carnac in a court of justice. The surgeon had been effectually silenced. Only one person remained who could swear positively to the deed done at the old abbey in the dead stillness of midnight.

"I wish we were away from this, James," said the wife more than once, wistfully looking in her husband's good-humored face, more cheerful now by far than it had been in Cecil Street. "Money or no money, I wish we were at sea, and safe out of England. It may be foolish, but I do wish it, dear."

James Sark laughed at those words then, little deeming that a day would come when their distant echo would sound upon his ear, in vain, with all the sadness of a dirge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ NEW YORK CITY.—New York city will have to raise over twenty million dollars by taxes the present year. The rate of taxation has been fixed 2 97 100 per cent. Twenty years ago the cost of maintaining the entire government of the United States was only about twice the present yearly expense of New York city.

☞ GETTYSBURG.—A correspondent of the Tribune at Gettysburg asked the hotel keeper how he was affected by the great battle. "The battle," replied mine host, "turned out well for Gettysburg. Hack drivin' and hotel keepin' are a bit more encouragin'. It was difficult to see what Providence set us atween two fires for, but on lookin' into our cash accounts we understand it all."

☞ The Boston Traveller states that a lady in Reading, Mass., while conversing with some callers, suddenly turned pale, and sinking into a chair, exclaimed: "Did you hear that gun? It affected me strangely;" and wept inconsolably. Her visitors had heard no report, and it afterward appeared that no gun had been fired at that time on the place. News came, however, that her brother, residing a hundred miles away, was at that very hour fatally shot by the accidental discharge of his fowling-piece while hunting in a grove near his house.

☞ A singular trait of the gipsies is reported by the Dayton (Ohio) Journal. It seems that some years ago a man named Stanley, the King of the tribe in this country, was buried in great state in the Woodland Cemetery. Since then, no matter where a member of the tribe in this country has died, the remains have been conveyed to the same place for interment. Last fall and winter, four children of the tribe died in Texas, and the remains were sent to the vault in Woodland, until a sufficient delegation from the tribe could be gathered to celebrate the ceremonies properly.

A Business-Like Courtship.

There is a story extant of a five-minutes courtship between a thriving and busy merchant, of a watering place in England, and a lady, for whom, in conjunction with a deceased friend, he was a trustee. The lady called at his counting-house, and said that her business was to consult him on the propriety or otherwise of her accepting an offer of marriage which she had received. Now, for the first time, occurred to the Bristol merchant the idea of this holy estate in his own case.

"Marriage," said he, listlessly turning over some West India correspondence. "Well, I suppose everybody ought to marry, though such a thing never occurred to me before. Have you given this gentleman an affirmative answer?"

"No."

"Are your feelings particularly engaged in the matter?"

"Not particularly."

"Well then, madam," said he turning round on his office stool, "if that is the case, and if you could dispense with courtship, for which I have no time, and think you could be comfortable with me, I am your humble servant to command."

There were people who thought that the lady had a purpose in going there, but if so, she prudently disguised it. She said she would consider the matter. The Bristol merchant saw her out with the same coolness as if she was one of his correspondents, and ere she was gone five minutes he was once more immersed in his letters and ledgers. A day or two after, he had a communication from the lady, accepting his offer, very considerately excusing him from an elaborate courtship, and leaving him to name the "most convenient day."

They were married immediately.

AN OLD ADAGE.

"My son's my son till he gets a wife,
My daughter's my daughter all my life."

☞ Somebody having a spite against a man in Bridgeport, Ct., stuck down pieces of telegraph wire all over his meadow, so that when he began to mow the other day the scythes would require constant grinding.

☞ The Mayor of Utica has instructed the police to arrest tobacco chewers who expectorate on the sidewalk.

☞ In the Connecticut river this year there will be one hundred million shad hatched by artificial means.

☞ The Japanese in Paris have taught the cooks at the Grand Hotel how to "bake" ice creams. Freeze your ice as hard as possible, wrap it quickly in a very thin crust of pastry and put it in the oven. The pastry will be baked before the ice melts (for the pastry is a good non-conductor of heat), serve hot and you may enjoy the pleasure of eating hot pastry and ice cream at the same time.

☞ Another meteoric shower is expected during the present month, and astronomers set down the exhibition for the evenings of August 9th and 10th. It is not expected to be a very brilliant exhibition, however, as the observer, it is said, cannot expect to count more than three or four shooting stars a minute.

☞ The Nation says John Adams once remarked to Mr. Sparks, looking at the portrait of Washington—"That old woodenhead got a good deal of his reputation by knowing how to hold his tongue."

☞ The manner in which far Western towns accommodate themselves to exigencies is amusing. Nebraska City, having been damaged by division of travel by the Union Pacific Railroad, is gradually disappearing, and the North Platte Index says that that city is disappearing as if by jugglery. It says: "It is a novel sight to see a whole town packing up and 'walking off' in a single day. Nearly every man who has been engaged in business here is going into business at Julesburg. The next number of the Index will be published at Julesburg."

☞ Shakespeare translated into Hindostanee, is being published at Bombay.

☞ The following notice indicates a bad spell as well as a hot spell: *Notice*.—This ere p'ais is klosed for repairs, onto the preacher. His voise is gin out, and we've sent him to Saratogy to recooper it, outer full pay. Sinners under konviction is respectfully requested to sojourn to Saratogy, eff they has the stamps. Eff not, to hold their hosses till the fall term. Eff they konklude to die in the meantime, our preacher will mark it awl rite with 'em in the nex world.

☞ It appears that there was a juvenile eclipse of the sun in the south of France the other day, not recorded in the astronomical almanac. A *savant* who was being *savonne* by a barber in a small village, rose up in astonishment and exclaimed—"How droll!—an eclipse in a little village like yours!"

☞ A medical practitioner not quite so celebrated as Galen, undertook to cure a person of deafness, with which he was sadly afflicted. One lotion after another had been tried, but still the patient was shut out from hearing his fellowmen. "I've just come once mair to ye, doctor," said his wife, "to see if ye can gie John something better, for the last bottle ye gave him did nae gude ava." "Dear me," said the doctor; "I'm surprised at that; but it matters little, for there's naething gaun' worth the hearing just now."

☞ A clergyman, who enjoys the substantial benefit of a fine farm, was slightly taken down a few days ago by his Irish ploughman, who, was sitting at his plough in a tobacco field, resting his horse. The reverend gentleman, being an economist, said, with great seriousness: "John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?" John, with quite as serious a countenance as the divine wore himself, said: "Wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?" The reverend gentleman laughed heartily and left.

☞ The day before the Sultan left his capital he gave a farewell audience to all the ministers, officials, &c., at a grand *Rikab*, (and there were so many officials that the Rikab proved a long one.) When it came to the turn of Scheik-bul Islam to receive the Imperial adieu, the latter, to the surprise of all present, first uttered a loud and prolonged howl of distress, and then burst into tears, (like Mr. Fox when in Russia,) expressing in this simple and artless manner his (the Scheik's) anguish at losing sight, even for a brief period, of the radiant countenance of the descendant of the Prophet. "Marshallah!" said a high official present, "he howled well!"

☞ A Boston lady has discovered seventeen ways of trimming a lady's petticoat.

A Human Time-Piece.

A wonderful story is told of a man named J. D. Chevalley, a native of Switzerland, who had in 1845, at the age of sixty-six, arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. He was, in fact, a human time-piece, or living clock. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and the vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibration of the sound produced. Being on board a steamboat on Lake Geneva, in July 14, 1832, he engaged to indicate to the crowd around, the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any choose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by; and, further, to indicate by his voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter, minute, or any other subdivision previously stipulated during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the fixed time. His own account of his gift was as follows: "I have acquired by imitation, labor, and patience, a movement which neither thought, nor labor, nor anything can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each movement of going and returning gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them made a minute, and these I add to others continually."

Are You Going North?

Those who design visiting Niagara Falls, Montreal, Quebec, the White Mountains, or any of the cool and picturesque summer resorts of the North, may save much more money than they are probably aware of by applying to the office of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, 828 Chestnut street, J. W. Gore, general agent, and obtaining one of their circulars. From these they may learn that "round trip," or going and returning tickets for *more than one hundred different routes* may be obtained. The arrangements between the railroads of the North have been systematized to a remarkable extent, the result being that the traveller who will avail him or herself of these circulars, and of the information which the agents cheerfully communicate, can effect great economy of money and time, besides having the transfer of their baggage greatly facilitated. Comparatively few persons are aware, for instance, that they can go from this city to Niagara Falls, returning via Albany and New York home, for $28, and that from these circulars they can learn every possible point attainable by varying their route.

PEOPLE who go abroad ought to learn the value of foreign coins. The Mediterranean excursion party, that went out on the steamer Quaker City, were at one place charged for dinner the astounding sum of twenty-one thousand seven hundred reis. Feeling disconsolate at the very thought of so large a bill, they objected to it; but, their objections being in an unknown tongue to that of the host, were of little effect. Then they offered to compromise, and proposed to settle the bill for $150 in gold, but not a cent more. The host, however, understood dollars no better than the excursionists understood reis, and there was a season of doubt and uncertainty until some one was hunted up who understood both; and, after an immense amount of translation and explanation, it was discovered that ten reis were equal to one cent. Happiness reigned once more when $21 70 were paid—and the debt of 21,700 reis thus discharged.

SODA WATER.—Priestly was the first who impregnated water with carbonic acid gas. This was about the year 1767, or one hundred years ago. He found that fixed air could be liberated from chalk or marble by the action of oil of vitriol, and he contrived apparatus for impregnating water with its own weight of gas, and thus manufactured the first soda water ever used. He ventured to recommend the use of gas, as a beverage, which produced the most deadly effects when breathed into the lungs. A gas which is deleterious to inhale, is healthful and grateful when received into the stomach. This is a curious physiological fact.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

THE Boston Commonwealth tells the following: "The railroad conductor, with a flower in his mouth, is well known to travellers on a certain line into Boston. Summer and Winter one always sees a flower between his teeth, as if it grew there. It is said that many years ago the lady he was to marry died; that soon after, he received a communication from her spirit that so long as he kept a flower in his mouth she should be hovering near him, and that with a constancy and fidelity almost unparalleled for almost twenty years he has adhered to this poetical custom."

☞ The American greenback currency, although a most universal and popular one, requires delicate handling. Tender are the notes in more than one sense—they will tear. The New York World has discovered a method of mending torn notes, which we reproduce. This method is to smooth out the edges carefully and moisten the edges with the finger tip of or wetting it on the tongue. Then lay the bill on a piece of writing paper, carefully drawing the edges together, and lay another piece of writing paper over it. A few seconds rubbing with the finger over the seam will make it adhere, and a little adroitness, when it is dry, will enable a person to lift the bill from the paper without tearing it. The seam will, it is said, then be invisible, and be the strongest part of the bill.

☞ During recess at a school in Avon, Wis., on Wednesday of last week, Joseph O'Hagan, a lad of twelve, pushed back Harriet Wallace, a girl of fourteen. She tripped and fell, her head striking heavily on the ground. The poor girl gasped but once, and all was over.

☞ A Boston paper thinks these are called "dog days" because there is so much growling about the weather.

☞ According to a New York paper that city contains 550 men who make their living as decoys for the faro table.

☞ It is said that a New Jersey editor, about making a pilgrimage to Long Branch lately, requested his better half to pack up his travelling valise with the necessary articles. On arriving at the sea side he found that a bundle of exchanges and a bottle of whiskey were the only articles his wife deemed necessary to his comfort.

☞ An Ohioan is said to have invented and patented a knitting machine, which can knit fifty pairs of stockings in a day, and is so simple that a child can manage it.

What an Indian Agent Says.

Not long ago, Gov. Crawford and United States Senator Ross, of Kansas, wrote a letter to The Missouri Democrat against the proposed peaceable Indian policy, in which they asserted that the Osage Indians were on the war-path. Geo. C. Snow, United States Idaho Indian Agent, has made a statement to the effect that the impression intended to be made by the former letter is wholly false, and that the Osages are only going on their biennial hunt, as they regularly do. He concludes the letter by the following paragraph, which gives an insight into the motives of the war-seeking party:

It is to the pecuniary interest of Governors, Generals and politicians to bring on a war with these savages as soon as possible, and in my opinion some of them would misrepresent the true state of affairs at whatever cost or sacrifice of life. It seems to me that our brave Governor can see a faint glimpse of Senatorial honors looming up in the distance through a horrid Indian war. If Congress would appropriate a small sum for building a temporary agency in the Osage Nation, in which an agent could live; and if the Government would pay them their annuities promptly, according to agreement, and put a deputy marshal and a posse of 30 or 40 good mounted men at the agent's control, to enable him to execute the intercourse laws; and if the Legislature of Kansas would not pass such laws as the "Texas Cattle Road" laws, by which Governors, ex Governors and state Senators expect to realize a fortune in conducting Texas cattle through Osage lands; I say, if all this could be done—and it can be, at a much less cost than an Indian war—I will wager my very existence that the Osage Indians can be kept perfectly peaceable, notwithstanding the Governor says "there is no such thing as peace except by war."

Very respectfully, your obd't servant,
GEORGE C. SNOW,
U. S. Neosho Indian Agent.
Hon. J. Wortham, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Lawrence, Kansas.

From the Rural New Yorker, Rochester.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

EDS. RURAL NEW YORKER:—Seeing that the Great American Tea Company advertise extensively in your columns, I thought it would not be improper to inquire of you concerning them—whether they are sufficiently reliable for farmers to depend on them for their Teas—whether they have a large amount of capital in it, or not, &c., or, is it one of the many humbugs with which our country is infested now-a-days? Please answer through the *Rural*, and you will greatly oblige many of its constant readers.—M. W., *West Liberty, Iowa, Dec.*, 1866.

REMARKS.—The above inquiry was received some weeks ago, and although we were confident the Company alluded to was reliable, we wished to "make assurance doubly sure," and therefore wrote to an intelligent friend in New York city for information on the subject, inclosing the note of M. W. To our letter of inquiry we have received substantially this reply: "I am confident the Great American Tea Company is '*reliable' in every sense* of the word. The Company have, I believe, *eight* large stores in this city and Brooklyn. It sells, probably, one-third of all the Tea imported in New York. In furnishing farmers by the club system, every pound of Tea is warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Satisfaction is always given, so far as it would appear from the testimony of the subscribers to the religious papers of this and other cities, and the Company is endorsed and recommended by the editors of the same papers, and other influential journals. I learn that nearly fifty persons, from the offices of these papers, are buying constantly of the Company, and you know printers and editors are not likely to patronize humbugs. If any person is fearful that he will not be treated fairly by the Company, let him write to any of the thousands of persons whose names have been published as its customers. I have taken time to find out that the statements here made are correct."

In confirmation of the statement made by our correspondent, we will only add that several prominent religious and other journals of New York strongly endorse and commend the Great American Tea Company, and that, though we have advertised it for months, we have never received a complaint from any of the large number of *Rural* readers who must be its customers. We therefore feel like commending the Company as eminently reliable and worthy of confidence.

☞ A wonderful doctor, with a wonderful sun-glass, is in Hartford. By the simple use of a sun-glass and the rays of the sun, he has effectually removed life-long deformities from the faces of a number of persons; but little pain is caused. A gentleman in Windsor, one-half of whose face was badly discolored from his birth, was made to rejoice in a whole clean face; and a young lady who suffered from an unsightly excrescence on her chin, was similarly relieved. A mole burned with an actual little blaze and then disappeared with a slight "pop" or explosion. The patient felt little or no pain after the first momentary "singe." Another man writes that the doctor's glass cured him of an obstinate cancer. It had been twice removed by surgeons. Burned out by the doctor's glass it stays out, or at least it *has* stayed out for upwards of a year.

☞ There are three thousand six hundred and sixty four known languages now used in the world. Of these, nine hundred and thirty-seven are Asiatic; five hundred and eighty-seven European; two hundred and seventy-six African; and one thousand six hundred and twenty-four American languages and dialects.

☞ It is likely to be demonstrated that the Chinese visited this continent a *little* before the Northmen. A San Francisco paper asserts that the first white explorers of Oregon found a tradition among all the Indians of that region, that a vessel, which, from the description, is supposed to have been a Chinese junk, was found imbedded in the mud of the Columbia river. Here is a chance for Chinese antiquaries. Let them put in a claim for the earliest discovery of the continent, and fight it out on that line with the Royal Society of Copenhagen. The Chinese will doubtless s[illegible]ver Professor Ching-a-ling-a-ching-a ling-e [illegible]um-chi to look after Mongolian inscriptions on the sandstone of the Columbia.

☞ They have a steam gong in Fall River, the sound of which is heard seventeen miles from that city.

☞ Gail Hamilton thinks the worst thing about Minnesota is that it is 1,500 miles from Boston. Good for Minnesota that, but bad for Boston.

A Cruel Sell.

At a vice-regal levee in Dublin, a very tall and burly individual was seen struggling and pushing his way among the crowd. With great difficulty and much squeezing, he reached the door of the presence chamber, when a kind, good-natured friend whispered in his ear, "Whisht! don't look, you've got a hole in your stocking." The communication had a horrible effect upon the unhappy courtier, whose legs were of a size in proportion to his bulky frame; stoop he durst not, turn round he could not, his only hope was the wall by which to conceal the accident he supposed had happened. Accordingly, he contrived to make his way to the wall, against which he turned his back, and in that position he sidled down stairs again and bribed a lackey to get him a car. On reaching home he amazed his family by telling them he had not been presented, and explained the reason. They examined the silken casing of his legs with care. There was no hole—the perfect symmetry of his handsome calves was unimpaired by any such disaster. He was the victim of a wicked hoax, and the court suit had been worn in vain.

A NEW CASPAR HAUSER.—A new Caspar Hauser has been discovered in the Wreschener district, not far from Posen. The youth, who had while a child fallen into a state of imbecility, was kept by his parents in a small space in a dark stable. When discovered his knees were contracted, owing to the narrowness of the den, and his movements were a succession of hops, like a frog, for the art of walking had long since been forgotten. In the earth, over the door, the wretched creature had scraped a hole, led by the natural instinct of a desire for freedom. When brought into the fresh air and the light a strange sound, expressive of delight, was uttered. The food that was given him he swallowed greedily. Dry bread he recognized and seized on at once; bread and butter was something unknown to him, years having passed since he had eaten any.

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BITTEN BY A SNAKE.—A man by the name of Schram, while binding wheat in a field near Buchanan, Mich., gathered up in a sheaf a rattlesnake, which bit him on the finger. With remarkable coolness he immediately took his pocket-knife and cut open the end of the finger through the wound made by the snake's tooth, quickly wound a horse hair tight around the finger to prevent as much as possible the circulation of the blood, and drank a glass of liquor. The next day he was nearly well, having suffered very little inconvenience except being very sick for a short time.

☞ In New Mexico, out of a population of 93,516 persons, there are 57,233 who can neither read nor write.

☞ A somnambulist in Milwaukee robbed himself recently of his own money and valuables, burying them in the yard at night. He was at last watched and the hiding place discovered.

☞ The proposition to give the suffrage to women was rejected by the New York State Constitutional Convention by a vote of 61 to 20.

☞ "We have a right to be proud of our public schools," said a prominent Boston clergyman the other day, "and yet I am amazed to find so much ignorance of general affairs prevailing among the graduates. One of them could not tell me to-day what the name of our present state governor was."

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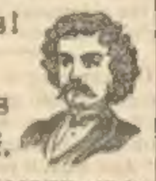

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Clear Case of Conscience.

We have lately heard a story connected with a prominent lawyer who has distinguished himself in the defence of criminals as well as in connection with other trials, having frequently through his skill aided the most hardened criminals to escape from justice. Some time ago, while our friend was attending Court in an adjoining county, he was applied to by a singular specimen of humanity, charged with grand larceny, to defend him. The lawyer very naturally inquired what crime he was accused of. The party accused replied that somebody had been mean enough to charge him with stealing one hundred and fifty dollars in bank notes, and had got him indicted.

"Are you guilty?" asked the lawyer.

"That's none of your business," replied the accused. "They say that it makes no difference with you whether a man is guilty or not, you will contrive to dig him out in some way. So don't talk any more about guilt till you hear what the jury says."

"Well, what about the pay?" said the lawyer.

"You just hold on till the trial is over; give K (the complainant) Jessie on the cross-examination, and the other fellow he has got to back him up, and you'll have no trouble about the pay."

The trial commenced, and proved to be a somewhat protracted and exciting one. The District Attorney proved that the money in question was composed of two $30 bills on a certain bank, and the remainder all in $10 bills, all of which were wrapped up in a piece of oil silk. The jury, after listening to the counsel in the case, and receiving the charge of the judge, retired, and soon brought a verdict of not guilty. The accused, who was greatly elated with the result of the trial and the effort of his counsel, invited the latter into one of the vacant jury rooms. As soon as they were alone he slapped his counsel on the shoulder, and exclaimed—

"Free as water, ain't I? What's the use of trying a man for stealing when you're around? Now I s'pose you want your pay?"

"Yes; have you got anything to pay with?" said the lawyer.

"Lend me your knife, and we'll see about that."

The lawyer, slightly startled at such a proposition, rather reluctantly complied.

The accused immediately commenced ripping and cutting away at the waistband of his pantaloons, and soon produced the roll of bills, for the stealing of which he had just been tried, wrapped up in the identical piece of oil silk described by the witnesses for the prosecution, and throwing it down on the table before the astonished lawyer, exclaimed—

"There, take your pay out of that; I think there is enough there to pay you tolerably well."

"Why, you villain! you stole that money after all," said the lawyer. "Do you expect I can take any of that money?"

"Stole that money! Why, what are you talking about? Didn't them twelve men up stairs there just say I didn't steal it? What's the use of your trying to raise a question of conscience, after twelve respectable men have given their opinion upon the subject? Take your pay out of that and ask no questions. Don't be modest in taking; I got it easy enough, and you've worked hard enough for it."

Our informant did not state how much the lawyer took, but we presume the chap didn't have much change left after our friend had satisfied his conscience in the premises.

Bad Spells.

Being at a dinner, Johnny passed his plate for turnip. As he had but recently attended school, his father said:

"Spell turnip, Johnny, and I will serve you."

"T-u-r-n-o-p," shouted the young hopeful.

O, fy! my son, that is not right; hold up your head, and hear how pa spells it—t-u-r-n-u-p," (turnip.)

"Sakes alive," ejaculated Madam, from the head of the table, "I should like to know if I am married to a man that can't spell his own vegetables?"

Mr. Smith's dignity was wounded. He had been schoolmaster down East, and he thought he knew turnips.

"Spell it yourself, my dear," cried Mr. Smith, wiping his moustache with unusual care, while he glanced knowingly around the table.

"Well, I guess I'm able to," jerked Mrs. Smith, with a sublime toss of her cap border—"t-u r-n-e-p, (turnip.) Words are generally spelt as they are pronounced."

"I say its pronounced turn-op," shouted Johnny.

"It's pronounced turn-up," said Mr. Smith.

"It is pronounced turn-ep," reiterated Madam.

After much wrangling the family remembered there was a dictionary in the house, which was called for, and as we left we had the pleasure of hearing them spell in concert, and with evident surprise t-u-r-n-i-p.

A Stray Boy.

A good thing occurred in Oregon, Montgomery county, Ohio, recently. The child of Mr. A——, a little boy about two or three years old, got out of his yard and wandered away. Of course the family were greatly alarmed, and while the mother visited the neighbors in the search, the father went out on the street, inquiring of every one he met if they had seen his boy. At length, meeting with G. S. B——, who is very fond of a joke, he informed him of his mistress, and asked him if he knew of a stray boy anywhere in the neighborhood. B—— promptly informed him that a little fellow had just come to Sam F——'s house, a few doors away; and without waiting for further information, the anxious parent hurried off to F——'s, and meeting F——, he at once inquired if there was a stray boy there? F—— said yes.

"Well, I'm sure it must be mine," said A——, "for he wandered away a short time ago."

"Well, I don't believe it's yours," returned F——, "but you can go in and see my wife—she's in bed—and if she consents to your taking the boy away, I'll have nothing to say against it."

A—— took the hint that the stray boy at F——'s was not the boy he was hunting, and he went home to find his boy had turned up all right.

☞ The following political argument appeared recently in a Parkersburg, (West Virginia) paper: "Vote for General Kerns for Mayor, who was ten years old before he ever wore pants or shoes."

OBLIGING.

EXCURSIONIST TO HIMSELF.—"Ullo! 'ere's one o' them artists. 'Dessay 'e 'll want a genteel figger for 'is foreground. I'll *stand for 'im!!!*"

What They Are Doing.

The man who "Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" has opened a marble quarry there, and is doing a thriving business in getting out gravestones.

The author of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," has opened a livery stable, and is carried back in his own conveyance whenever he wants to be.

The man who sang "I am Lonely Since My Mother Died" isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his mother-in-law makes it lively enough for him.

The author of "Life on the Ocean Wave" is gratifying his taste for the sea by tending a sawmill. He will be on the water.

The author of "Shells of the Ocean" is in the clam business.

The man who wanted to "Kiss him for his Mother" attempted to kiss his mother for him the other day, and she gave him a walloping "for himself."

The author of "Three Blind Mice" has started a menagerie with them.

The man who wrote "Five o'clock in the Morning" found that no saloons were open at that early hour where he could get his bitters, so he lies abed rather later now.

"Give me a Cot in the Valley I Love," has got a cot in the Infirmary.

The man who sighed "Take me Home to Die," took Dr. Keer's System Renovator, and is now a "fine old Irish gentleman."

"Meet Me by Moonlight Alone" has left off *meat* and taken to drink.

The author of "Roll on Silver Moon" has opened a ball alley. Silver moon can't roll on his alley without paying for it.

The disconsolate one who wrote "Have you Seen my Maggie?" has heard of her. Another fellow informs him, through the music store, that "Maggie's by my side."

"I'd Offer Thee this Hand of Mine" has been sued for breach of promise.

"Oh! Susanna" has settled with her at length, and don't owe Susanna any more.

The author of "Old Arm Chair" is still in the second-hand furniture business.

The one who asked "Who will Care for Mother now?" has finally consented to take care of the old woman himself, as no one else seemed inclined to.

One evening a gentleman who had an appointment with one of the actors was going behind the stage, when he was stopped by the Irish stage-manager.

"And what'll ye be afther wantin'?"

"I want to see Mr. ——."

"The mischief ye do! And its yerself that has the impudence! Want to see my aothors! An suppose ye kept a menagery, how would you like it yerself if ivery blaygaird wanted to come in an see the bastes for nothin?"

ALL THE WHILE.

The nights they come and the nights they go,
And the rosy twilights round them lie—
And the stars are bright and the stars are sweet,
And I sit in the silence and watch them meet;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the moon is out of my sky!

The seasons come and the seasons go—
Spring so gay, and winter so drear—
And I sit in the light of the golden hours,
And pick the blushing and beautiful flowers;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the May is out of my year!

The mornings come and the mornings go—
Yellow and purple, crimson and gray,
And the milkmaid sings as she calls her cows,
And the farm lad whistles the while he ploughs;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the lark, the lark is away!

The rain descends, and the gardens grow,
And the woodland moss makes green her bed,
And the bushes are full as bushes can hold
Of bells of silver and globes of gold;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the rose, the rose, she is dead!

The tides they ebb and the tides they flow,
And the sun shines more than the storm can frown,
And the ships with their white sails flowing free,
Like a forest of silver, cover the sea;
And all the while my heart beats low
For the one good ship gone down!

☞ When a man looks through a tear in his own eye, it is often a lens which reveals what no telescope however skilfully constructed, could do.

☞ If a rattlesnake strikes at and misses you, you had better *re coil* before he has time to.

AGRICULTURAL.

Turning in Green Crops.

Probably there is no method by which *humus* can be so speedily and economically supplied to an exhausted soil, as by *turning in green crops*. For this purpose the buckwheat plant is very valuable, as it flourishes on lands which are too far reduced to produce any other grain, and as it decomposes rapidly, even where there is but a limited supply of moisture in the soil.

It is an oriental production, having been brought from the East during the Crusades, and has not lost its sensibility to cold; it therefore succeeds best on dry, sandy soils, where there is a good degree of heat. It will, however, thrive on lower lands, if previously drained, and on dry clays: so that, as a green crop for supplying *humus*, it is tolerably well adapted to every variety of soil on which it is desirable that such a crop should be grown.

On these light sands, and especially on hillsides, the labor of carting manure is a serious obstacle to their permanent improvement, and where, also, the wash of the autumnal and spring rains deprives the surface of everything in the condition of resolvable humus, no process of manuring can exceed the one now recommended, either as regards efficiency or economy. Such lands generally produce a slight vegetation which is rarely worth the expense of harvesting, but which may be of service if turned down and followed by a green crop.

When this course is adopted, plough when the grass growing upon the land has obtained its *maximum* growth—say, just in blossom. Then roll thoroughly, and after giving the surface a good working with the harrow, sow the seed, and roll again. The latter rolling will facilitate the germination of the seed, and also render the labor of turning in more easy.

When the wheat makes its appearance, a good dressing of lime should be applied, and the crop turned under as soon as it is in bloom. The roller must now follow the plough, and another application of lime, with a dozen bushels of wood ashes to the acre, would improve the next crop exceedingly.

It is an error to suppose that by adopting this process of enrichment, we necessarily return no more to the soil than the crop turned in takes from it. The aliment of buckwheat, as well as the aliment of all other crops, is derived, in part, from the atmosphere; so that we not only, in this process, obey literally a fundamental principle of good husbandry, in returning *all* to the land which we take from its vegetative powers and resources, but a considerable amount besides. Were the crop to restore only what it derived from the land—allowing the land to receive nothing from the atmosphere in the meanwhile—the turning in of green crops, now so universally recognized as a judicious means of enrichment, would be abandoned, or rather would never have been devised or practised.

In order that the reader may comprehend more fully the fertilizing capabilities of buckwheat, we annex the following analysis. It may be proper, however, to remark that the quantity of silica, which appears large in proportion to the other constituents, may have been increased by the dust adhering to the grain in this case:

Silica,	7.06
Earthy phosphates,	57.60
Lime,	0.14
Magnesia,	2.66
Potash,	23.33
Soda,	2.04
Sulphuric acid,	7.30
Colorine,	0.20
	100.33

Plain lands that possess but little fertility, and which consequently require manuring before they can be profitably cropped, may be prepared for producing good crops of rye by a crop of buckwheat. Rye is the only product which alternates favorably with this grain, and may be grown after it on any soil of ordinary richness. As a preparatory crop for the former, it is perhaps the most valuable that can be suggested.

For sowing, from half a bushel to three pecks of good seed is the proper quantity for an acre. It should be sown as evenly as possible, for on this will depend the uniformity of amelioration, in a great measure. No previous preparation of the seed is necessary, as it germinates readily in soil that is too dry to insure the vegetation of most other grains, and is so hardy that no ordinary privation of moisture is capable of seriously affecting its development while young.

As it is one of the class of lime plants, it is more essentially benefited by calcareous matter—that partaking of chalk or lime—than any other crop; consequently the application of that mineral, unless the soil be calcareous, tends greatly to promote its growth and value, both as regards the plant and seed.

Prof. Johnston says, "a green crop ploughed in is believed by some practical men to enrich the soil as much as the droppings of cattle from a *quantity of green food* three times as great."—*New England Farmer.*

Items.

In England there are many farmers who more than support themselves and large families on the product of six acres, besides paying heavy rents. Agriculturists in Germany, who are proprietors of five acres, support themselves on two, and lay up money on the product of the remainder.

EXPERIMENTS have indicated that paint on surfaces exposed to the sun, will be much more durable if applied in autumn or spring, than if put on during hot weather. In cool weather it dries slowly, forms a hard, glossy coat, tough like glass, while if applied in warm weather, the oil strikes into the wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly beaten off by rains.

OHIO farmers are complaining of the extraordinary mortality among the lambs of their Vermont stock. One farmer in Knox county, lost twenty-three out of twenty-six lambs from his full blooded ewes. No adequate cause seems to exist, and at present the subject is a mystery.

TO KEEP borers and other insects from fruit trees, the following wash is recommended by one who has tried it. Put into a water tight barrel, one pail soft soap, four quarts of sulphur, four quarts air-slacked lime; four quarts of wood ashes, half bushel of cow or hen manure, and water enough to fill the barrel.

SPEAKING of two adjoining farms, one of which was well cultivated, every field being clean and in fine condition, the other filled with thistles, whitaweed, thoroughwort, &c., a correspondent of the Ohio *Farmer* says: If I keep a dog and he jumps over my weed-growing neighbor's fence and kills a half starved sheep, I am accountable for the damage, and the sheep owner is looked upon as a deeply injured person; while at the very time, he is seeding my fields with the most noxious weeds that will cost me time and money to eradicate, yet I have no redress.

COAL TAR FOR SHEEP.—The Urbana *Citizen* says, that a farmer of Ohio, has used with great success, coal tar for maggots in sheep. When all other remedies failed to remove the maggots from the wounds, he applied the coal tar, which effected a speedy cure.

RECEIPTS.

CHICKEN PUFFS.—Mince up together the breast of a chicken, some lean ham, half an anchovy, a little parsley, some shalot, and lemon peel, and season these with pepper, salt, cayenne, and beaten mace. Let this be on the fire for a few minutes, in a little good white sauce. Cut some thinly rolled out puff paste into squares, putting on each some of the mince, turn the paste over, fry them in boiling lard, and serve them up on a *serviette*. These puffs are very good cold, and they form a convenient supper dish.

TO KEEP FRESH FISH.—To keep fish fresh, clean them and remove the gills; then insert pieces of charcoal in their mouths and bellies; if they are to be conveyed any distance, wrap each fish up separately in linen cloth, and place them in a box with cabbage leaves above and below.

CABBAGE JELLY.—Boil cabbage in the usual way, and squeeze it in a colander till perfectly dry, then chop small; add a little butter, pepper, and salt; press the whole very closely into an earthenware mould, and bake one hour, either in a side oven or in front of the fire. When done turn it out.

MORELLO CHERRY SYRUP.—Take the stones out of the cherries, mash them, and press out the juice in an earthen pan; let it stand in a cool place for two days, then filter; add two pounds of sugar to one pint of juice, finish in the bain-marie, or stir it well on the fire, and give it one or two boils.

MULBERRY SYRUP.—One pint of juice, one pound twelve ounces of sugar. Press out the juice, and finish as cherry syrup.

GOOSEBERRY SYRUP.—One pint of juice, one pound twelve ounces of sugar. To twelve pounds of ripe gooseberries add two pounds of cherries without stones, squeeze out the juice, and finish as others.

RICE WAFFLES.—Take a teacup and a half of boiled rice, warm it with a pint of milk, mix it smooth, take it from the fire, stir in it a pint of cold milk and a teaspoonful of salt, beat four eggs and stir them in, together with sufficient flour to make it a stiff batter.

SOUR MILK PUDDING.—Stir one teaspoonful of saleratus in one quart of sour milk or buttermilk, then put in six eggs, three cupsful of sifted flour, and a pinch of salt; bake in hot oven. Make a hot sauce of one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three eggs; beat well together. Put the sauce in a bowl and set it on the stove in a pan of boiling water till the sugar melts.

TRAVELLING BISCUIT.—Two pounds of flour, one-quarter pound of butter, one teaspoonful of saleratus, milk sufficient to roll out; knead out perfectly light.

CUP CAKES.—Mix together five cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, well beaten, one wineglass of wine, one of brandy, and a little cinnamon.

RASPBERRY WINE.—To every quart of juice add two quarts of soft water and three pounds of loaf sugar; boil the fruit, press out the juice, wash the pulp in the water, and strain it into the wine.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One coffee cup of butter, three of sugar, one of milk, four and a half of flour, four eggs—the whites beaten to a stiff froth—one teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar, one cocoanut grated. Excellent.

REMOVING STAINS FROM MARBLE AND IVORY.—Soak a large lump of Spanish whitening in just enough water to moisten it, putting a piece of washing soda into the water. Take some of this mixture on a flannel, and rub the marble well repeatedly, leaving it on for a little while. Wash all off with soap and water, dry the marble well, and afterwards polish it with a soft duster.

SWEETBREAD.—Soak sweetbread in cold water for about half an hour. Pick out the little veins and skin. Throw in boiling water for three minutes. Then put them under a board for half an hour, with a board on to flatten them. Cut slits in and insert slivers of salt pork over the top. Put them in a bakepan with a little salt pork, and broth to cover the bottom of the pan. Put them in the oven. When baked (say an hour or more) add a little broth, and in a few minutes serve.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 5, 19, 4, 11, 20, is a great statesman.
My 1, 17, 6, 20, is a color.
My 2, 16, 5, 17, 10, 18, 1, is an ornament.
My 17, 6, 8, 12, 15, 17, is a weapon.
My 18, 10, 3, 2, is a number.
My 14, 12, 18, 1, is a title of nobility.
My 15, 6, 5, 7, 20, was a rebel general.
My 1, 17, 16, 12, 4, is a fruit.
My 9, 6, 10, 17, is a covering.
My whole was a brave Union General, killed in 1862.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 2, 12, 3, is a pronoun.
My 2, 5, 10, 3, 13, is a noble animal.
My 4, 13, 11, 7, is a mineral.
My 13, 4, 4, 11, is a girl's name.
My 6, 3, 3, 3, is a flower.
My 6, 2, 7, is a color.
My 2, 3, 11, 6, 1, is part of the human body.
My 10, 5, 3, is an animal.
My 9, 3, 11, 6, is a kind of fruit.
My 14, 12, 3, is a kind of grain.
My 4, 3, 11, 1, 2, 13, 14, is an indispensable article in the northern clime.
My whole is what all should learn.

A. HARRISON HEATH.

Adams Centre, N. Y.

Transposition.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Disturb me not, and I will entertain you. Behead and change my form and I will rend you; transpose, my shade will cheerfully detain you; again, a stimulating draught I send you; transpose again, a *reason* I present you; and yet again, and I appear behind you; again, a cunning pest will circumvent you; once more and of the thunder I remind you; confuse me yet again, and I'll devour you; repeat the act and I will stand before you; again, the wonders of my works o'erpower you; once more, a time—but guess me, I implore you.

Steuben, Ind. JNO. C. OCHILTREE.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a board, 25 feet long, 4 feet wide at one end, and 2 feet wide at the other; it is to be sawed into three equal parts. What will be the length of each piece? W. F. L. SANDERS.

Tobinsport, Perry Co., Ind.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a railroad has an ascent of 5 feet per mile, what power exerted parallel to the road will hold to its place a train of cars weighing 10 tons? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The area of a right angled triangle, whose sides are in arithmetical progression, equals 294 square chains. Determine the sides independent of algebra or tabular numbers.

Oddsville, Ky. LEWIS LEBUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a lawyer like a donkey? Ans.—When he's drawing a conveyance.

☞ Why ought hen-houses to be built upon dramatic principles? Ans.—Because they ought to have their egg-sits and their entrances.

☞ What dust is most blinding to the eyes? Ans.—Gold-dust.

☞ What magazine would be likely to give the best report of a fire? Ans—A powder magazine.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The death of Emperor Maximilian.
REBUS—Saturday Evening Post.

Answer to L. Lebus's PROBLEM, May 25th—Diameter of the auger, 4.8604± inches. E. P. Norton, 4.85± inches. J. M. Greenwood, 2.4282 inches. Geo. M. Ettinger, 4.613 inches. J. S. Pachus.

Answer to W. F. L. Sanders's PROBLEM of same date—20 and 30 rods. J. M. Greenwood, L. Lebus, C. A. Stevens, J. S. Pachus, Geo. M. Ettinger and E. P. Norton, 3½ acres. E. Searson, 3.2616± acres. W. H. Sands.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—1.62.63 cents. W. H. Morrow, E. Searson, 1.984 cents. J. M. Greenwood, 1.98 cents. J. S. Pachus, 1.26288 part of a dollar. W. H. Sands. The word "blacksmith" contains 10 letters—all different. The whole number of ways in which the 10 letters can be arranged is 10.9.8.7—5040, only one of which is in the order required. Hence the chance of drawing a prize is worth $100.00x1.5040—$0.0198±, a little less than 2 cents. Artemas Martin.

SCARE ME AGAIN.—A young gentleman or an elderly one, we do not remember which, after having paid his attentions to a lady for some time, "popped the question;" the lady, in a frightened manner, exclaimed, "You scare me, sir." The gentleman, of course, did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed—"Scare me again!" We did not learn how affairs turned out, but should say that it was his turn to be scared.

☞ An Irishman's friend having fallen into a slough, the Irishman called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, and wished to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles." "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No, there's not," rejoined the first; "I forgot to tell you he's in head first."